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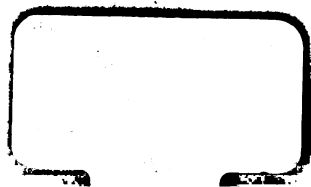
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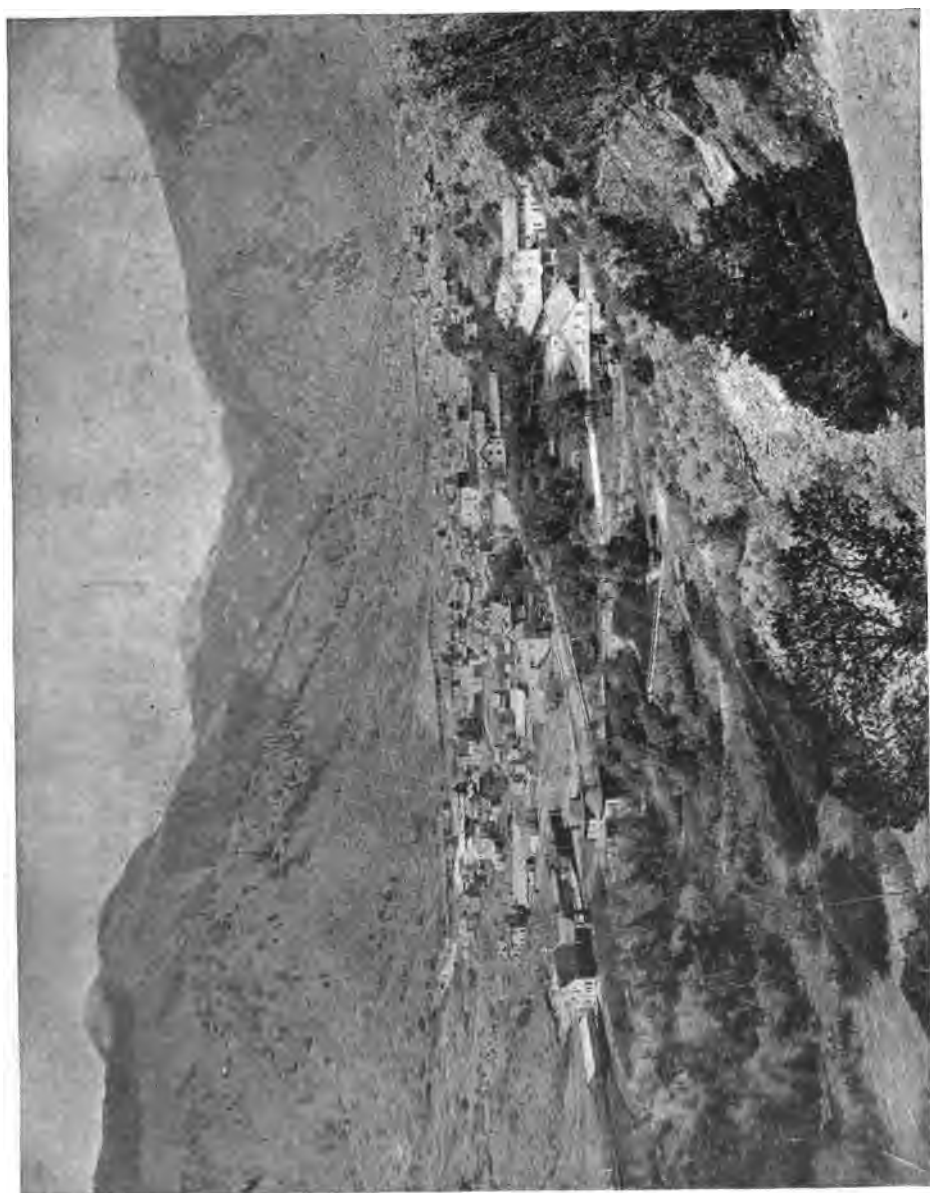
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MANTOU SPRINGS.

The Story

OF

1



by S. K. Hooper

Here dwelt the Red Man, ere the cry
Of "Gold !" among these hills was heard,
Here towered the mountains to the sky,
And here the healing fountains pour'd.

Before the White Man's foot had trod
This sacred valley, in the West,
The Savage took the gift from God,
And named it, "Manitou, the Bles't."

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ON THE PIKE'S PEAK TRAIL.

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.



ALEXANDER DUMAS has said many epigrammatic things that are not strictly true, and he has said many true things that are not at all epigrammatic; but when he remarked that "Honesty is of all things the most deceptive, because it is not expected by those who have been deceived," he framed a sentence that is not only epigrammatic, but also true. The quoting of this truthful epigram in the introductory paragraph of this book is *a propos*, because the readers of literature devoted to the description of pleasure and health resorts have so often been deceived by glowing accounts of ideal resorts, whose excellencies exist only in the imagination of the writer, that the author of this little book presents it to the reader with some fear that its very truth may possibly cause its statements to be scanned with some shadow of doubt.

Honesty in statement, and a realistic adherence to fact, will characterize the pages which follow. It is not possible for anyone to write truthfully concerning the charms of Manitou without becoming enthusiastic, but enthusiasm does not imply exaggeration, nor an untruthful presentation of the facts.

There is one difficulty, however, which meets the writer who undertakes a faithful description of Manitou, and that is the impossibility of keeping pace with the march of improvement. It is true that the grand and imposing scenery which surrounds Manitou; the rugged range of Titanic mountains towering to the west, captained by Pike's Peak, the monarch of the Rockies; the romantic glens and pine-covered heights; the crystal brooks; the glories of the Garden of the Gods, and the undulating, far-reaching, mysterious plains extending to the east, are always there, unchanged and beautiful. But the hand of man is ever busy in the town itself. New forms of architectural beauty appear with a rapidity that distances description, old forms are remodeled, quaint pavilions rise above the waters of the healing springs, rustic bridges span the rippling brooks, new drives are built, new points of interest discovered and made accessible, so that when all is said that may be true to-day, to-morrow, beholding the reality, the reader will exclaim: "The half has not been told me!"



MINNEHAHA, PIKE'S PEAK TRAIL.

THE STORY OF MANITOU.

CHAPTER I.

PIKE'S PEAK.

HISTORY is made rapidly in this century. The time is not very far behind us when the prairie schooners of the Colorado Argonauts spread their white sails to the breeze, and entered upon their long cruise from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains in search of the golden fleece which was believed to be hidden among the rugged fastnesses of those giant hills. The romance of the days when Pike's Peak was the landmark of those mariners of the desert, belongs now to the category of fact, which is ever stranger than fiction. The searchers after treasure found a savage people holding in fee a land, rich, not only in gold and silver, but also bountiful in a thousand ways to those who learned the mystic "sesame" which opened the reluctant doors of prosperity. Trials, hardships, dangers, were not lacking. Many fell by the way, but still more survived and succeeded, and the pioneers of Colorado have won such rewards as seldom fall to the lot of those who follow new pathways into undiscovered countries. To-day the waste places are glad, the desert blossoms as the rose, the fountains of wealth, of health, of pleasure, have been opened, and the perspective of future achievements presents infinite vistas of success. No longer do the prairie schooners tack and veer over a pathless waste, but long trains of palace cars on half a dozen trunk lines of railroad carry their quota of passengers with comfort, speed, and safety from both oceans to the mountains, and accomplish in a day what used to require the full limits of a fortnight.

With such facilities for travel, and with the wonderland of Manitou and the Pike's Peak region at the end of the journey, it is no matter for surprise that this favored region should vie in attracting qualities with the sunny slopes of Italy, and the rugged grandeur of the Bernese Oberland.

But behind the Argonautic expedition to Pike's Peak lies history, and still

PIKE'S PEAK.

farther on in the distant past lies tradition. With the latter it is not proposed to deal, as this is to be a record of fact, rather than a production of fancy. To Major Zebulon Pike is due the honor of first describing the peak which now bears his name. It is now nearly a century since Major Pike first beheld the "Great Snow Mountain." To be exact, the discovery was made on November 15, 1806, on which memorable day the mountain appeared before the eyes of the intrepid explorer, hanging on the western horizon like a "small, blue cloud." Major Pike was at first in doubt as to the nature of this



CATHEDRAL SPIRES, GARDEN OF THE GODS.

cloud, but, because of its stability, he examined it closely through his field-glass, and in the course of half an hour fully determined its character. When the peak first dawned on his view, he must have been distant from it, to the eastward on the plains, something more than a hundred miles. The little band of hardy explorers climbed an intervening hill, and, obtaining a clearer view of the vast and frowning battlements upreared against the western horizon, with one accord gave three cheers to the "Mexican Mountains!" Then began the march toward the peak. The rarefied atmosphere of the mountain-base plateau played its fantastic tricks on those eager discoverers, as it does on novices to-day, and the party marched sixty miles and seemed no nearer to the mountain than when the march began. So clear is the atmosphere of Colorado that it is extremely difficult for those accustomed to the denser air of lower altitudes to estimate distances with

PIKE'S PEAK.

any degree of accuracy whatever. After a ten-days' march, Major Pike, accompanied by three of his soldiers (having left the rest in camp near the present site of Pueblo), arrived at the foot of what is now known as Cheyenne Mountain. The next day, November 26th, they undertook the ascent of Cheyenne, thinking by this route to reach the top of the "Great Snow Mountain." Again they "reckoned without their host," and leaving their blankets and provisions at the foot of the mountain, began the ascent. They expected to get back to camp in time for supper. It goes without



BRIARHURST.

saying that they were disappointed in this expectation; and, after marching all day, clambering over almost perpendicular rocks, they bivouacked at night in a cave, without blankets, food, or water. They had fair weather and a clear sky when the sun set, but saw that it was snowing below them. The next day they reached the summit, and found the snow four feet deep, but they were no nearer achieving the pinnacle of the "Grand Peak" than when they left the base of Cheyenne. Pike was discouraged by the outlook, and records the opinion in his diary that "no human being could ascend to the summit" of that tremendous peak. What would be his feelings if he could visit Manitou this summer, and ride to the uttermost pinnacle of this "inaccessible" mountain in a comfortable coach of the Pike's Peak Railway?

PIKE'S PEAK.

Thus it was that the great monarch of the Front Range, Pike's Peak, was discovered, although the explorer whose name it immortalizes never set foot at its base, to say nothing of its summit. However, to him belongs the credit of its discovery, and to him do we owe the first printed description of its grandeur.

Since that time, its fame has steadily increased. Each succeeding year has made it more famous, until to-day there is scarcely a mountain in the world whose name is more widely known, or whose appearance more familiar, not only to travelers, but among all classes and conditions of men.

Pike's Peak occupies a commanding position in the scenery of Colorado; it occupies a correspondingly commanding position in history and tradition. At its foot rests Manitou, cradled among the hills. From its snow-crowned summit descend the cooling breezes which render this favored spot the delight of those whom good fortune has directed thither. Here bubble forth the delicious waters of those health-giving springs, rivaling in efficacy the fabled Fountain of Youth which Ponce de Leon strove in vain to find, and at last, still bravely searching, lost that life which he had dreamed to make immortal. With such associations, it is not inappropriate that in this opening chapter there should be linked together the closely kindred names of Pike's Peak and Manitou.



TEMPLE OF ISIS.

CHAPTER II.

MANITOU IN HISTORY.



MANITOU was known to white men long before Major Pike discovered the peak which now bears his name. Descriptions of these famous springs are to be found in the writings of French missionaries, who visited this spot more than two hundred years ago, and the health-giving properties of the waters were familiar to the Indians from time immemorial. To this favored spot they made their pilgrimages, and in grateful recognition of the beneficent characteristics of the waters, they named the place in honor of the Great Spirit, and bestowed upon it the musical and significant title, which it still bears, of Manitou.

One of the most accurate descriptions of Manitou, as it appeared in a state of nature, before the white man had begun to make it a place of residence or resort, was written by George F. Ruxton, an Englishman, who visited the springs in the fall of 1847. When we reflect that only forty-three years ago Manitou was the haunt of wild and savage animals, and still more wild and savage men, and that to-day it is the ideal resort of cultivated and refined seekers after health and pleasure, the change seems almost magical. Ruxton's experiences were novel, interesting, and thrilling. His visit to Manitou was an incident of a tour from the City of Mexico to Pike's Peak, and his first entrance into this enchanted valley was in the month of March. He was a solitary traveler, and must have possessed courage of no mean sort to venture, unaccompanied, across the plains, and up into the mountain gorges, relying upon his unaided resources to wrest his subsistence from the hands of Nature, and to defend his life against the attacks of wiley and merciless savages. An acute observer, he recorded the results of his observations so accurately that one at all familiar with the ground to-day, can follow his footsteps up the valley of Monument Creek from Pueblo, at the site of which city he was encamped during the first three weeks of March, without the slightest difficulty. He notices the signs of spring with the clear eye of a lover of Nature. He records the songs of birds, the springing of the grass, the playful antics of the prairie dogs, the calling of the turkeys in the timber, the boom of the



DENVER & RIO GRANDE RAILROAD DEPOT.

prairie-fowl, the disappearance of the snow from the plains, and he observes with admiration the ermine mantle that was then, as now, closely folded around the stalwart shoulders of Pike's Peak. He describes the famous gateway to the Garden of the Gods (unknown to fame in those days) as "two remarkable buttes of a red conglomerate, which appear in the distance like tablets cut in the mountain sides," a characterization in a few words that it would be difficult to improve upon. He traces the courses of the contiguous streams, all of them nameless at that time, except the *Fontaine-qui-Bouille*, which has borne that quaint descriptive title from the days of the French missionaries. The road followed by Ruxton was not the broad avenue of the present, which connects Colorado Springs and Manitou, nor was it the iron track of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, but it was "a good lodge-pole trail, which struck the creek before entering the open ground, being that used by the Utes and Arapahoes on their way to the *Bayou Salado* (South Park)." Following this



THE TOWER.

primitive roadway, he soon found himself shut in by the mountains and elevated ridges. A few miles further on, the cañon "opened out into a little shelving glade, and on the right bank of the stream, and raised several feet above it, was a flat, white rock, in which was a round hole, where one of the celebrated springs" (celebrated even in those days) "hissed and bubbled with escaping gas." This was the Shoshone Spring; but he did not drink of its waters, having been told of another and stronger spring—the Navajo. After describing the eagerness of his horses to drink of these delicious waters, Ruxton gives a *naïve* account of his own preparations to enjoy to the fullest extent the pleasures of a satisfying draught. The delight of this hardy explorer on this occasion has been duplicated so often in the experience of those who have visited the springs, though perhaps resulting in a less demonstrative manner, that the writer feels it a duty to quote his description in full. Ruxton says:

"For myself, I had not only abstained from drinking that day, but with the aid of a handful of salt, which I had brought with me for the purpose, had so highly seasoned my breakfast of venison, that I was in a most satisfactory state of thirst. I therefore at once proceeded to the other spring,

and found it about forty yards from the first, but immediately above the river, issuing from a little basin in the flat, white rock, and trickling over the edge into the stream. The escape of gas in this was much stronger than in the other, and was similar to water boiling smartly.

"I had provided myself with a tin cup holding about a pint; but before dipping it in, I divested myself of my pouch and belt, and sat down in order to enjoy the draught at my leisure. I was half dead with thirst, and tucking up the sleeves of my hunting shirt, I dipped the cup into the midst of the bubbles, and raised it hissing and sparkling to my lips. Such a draught! Three times, without drawing a breath, it was replenished and emptied, almost blowing up the roof of my mouth with its effervescence. It was equal to the very best soda water, but possesses that fresh, natural flavor which manufactured water can not impart."

After his extraordinary draught, the intrepid explorer lighted his pipe and seated upon his pack, with his rifle ready at his side, basked in the warm and soothing rays of the sun. A band of Rocky Mountain sheep paused on the mountain side to gaze at this bold intruder in their wild domain. A movement of the hunter toward his rifle frightened them, and leaping with sure and agile feet from rock to rock, they quickly disappeared up the almost perpendicular mountain. The next moment, a herd of black-tailed deer crossed a corner of the glade within easy rifle shot, but the hunter restrained his instinct to fire on them, because he had not yet assured himself that Indians were not prowling near in the neighboring cañons. The birds were fearless in his presence, and feathered creatures of brilliant plumage sang in the shrubbery, while solemn ravens made bold attacks on the meat which had been hung on the branches of a neighboring tree, encouraged in their onslaught by the loquacious chattering of predaceous magpies. Ruxton reveled royally in this hunter's paradise. He roamed among the mountains and secured, without the least difficulty, all the game he needed, and it is doubtful when he would have torn himself away, had not his mind received a rude hint which he was too prudent to disregard. He had explored the valleys and the cañons, and was boldly meditating the ascent of Pike's Peak, on whose summit no man's foot had as yet trod, when, one day, while in pursuit of game, he stumbled upon an Indian camp. No Indians were present, fortunately for him, but the camp-fire was still burning, and dried meat hanging on the trees. This discovery was startling and unpleasant, and the explorer thus records his feelings:

"Robinson Crusoe could not have been more thoroughly disgusted at the sight of the 'footprint in the sand' than I was at this inopportune discovery. I had anticipated a month or two of undisturbed hunting in this remote spot, and now it was out of the question to imagine that the Indians would leave me unmolested. I presently saw two Indians, carrying a deer between

them, emerge from the timber bordering the creek, whom I knew at once, from their dress, to be Arapahoes. As, however, my camp was several miles distant, I still hoped that they had not yet discovered its locality, and continued my hunt that day, returning late in the evening to my solitary encampment."

One can not but admire the coolness and courage of this solitary man, in the midst of an unexplored wilderness, knowing himself to be surrounded by bloodthirsty and implacable foes, he continues his day's hunt, and at night returns to his lonely bivouac, and sleeps calmly until morning. Then he removes his animals and packs "to a prairie a little lower down the stream, which although nearer" (think of that, *nearer*) "the Indian camp, was almost hidden from view, being inclosed by pine ridges and ragged buttes," and the next day starts off on another hunt. He was successful in his day's sport, and returning late in the afternoon to the springs, took a refreshing drink, and lying down to rest falls asleep. His awaking and the events which followed can best be told in his own graphic words:

"When I awoke the sun had already set, but although darkness was fast gathering over the mountain, I was surprised to see a bright light flickering against its sides. A glance assured me that the mountain was on fire, and, starting up, I saw at once the danger of my position. The bottom had been fired about a mile below the springs, and but a short distance from where I had secured my animals. A dense cloud of smoke was hanging over the gorge, and presently, a light-air springing up from the east, a mass of flame shot up into the sky and rolled fiercely up the stream, the belt of dry brush on its banks catching fire and burning like tinder. The mountain was already invaded by the devouring element, and two wings of flame spread out from the main stream, which, roaring along the bottom with the speed of a race-horse, licked the mountain-side, extending its long line as it advanced. The dry pines and cedars hissed and cracked, as the flame reaching them ran up their trunks and spread amongst the limbs, whilst the long, waving grass underneath was a sea of fire. From the rapidity with which the fire advanced, I feared that it would already have reached my animals, and hurried at once to the spot as fast as I could. The prairie itself was as yet untouched, but the surrounding ridges were clothed in fire, and the mules, with stretched ropes, were trembling with fear. Throwing the saddle on my horse, and the pack on the steadiest mule, I quickly mounted, leaving on the ground a pile of meat which I had no time to carry with me. The fire had already gained the prairie, and its long, dry grass was soon a sheet of flame, but, worse than all, the gap through which I had to retreat was burning. Setting spurs into Panchito's sides, I dashed him at the burning bush, and though his mane and tail

MANITOU IN HISTORY.

were singed in the attempt, he gallantly charged through it. Looking back, I saw the mules huddled together on the other side, and evidently fearing to pass the blazing barrier. As, however, to stop would have been fatal, I dashed on; but before I had proceeded twenty yards, my old



WEST WING OF THE MANITOU HOUSE.

hunting mule, singed and smoking, was at my side, and the others close behind her.

"On all sides I was surrounded by fire. The whole scenery was illuminated, the peaks and distant ridges being as plainly visible as at noon-day. The bottom was a roaring mass of flame, but on the other side, the prairie being more bare of cedar bushes, the fire was less fierce, and presented the only way of escape. To reach it, however, the creek had to be crossed, and the bushes on the bank were burning fiercely, which rendered it no easy matter; moreover, the edges were coated above the water with thick

MANITOU IN HISTORY.

ice, which rendered it still more difficult. I succeeded in pushing Panchito into the stream, but in attempting to climb the opposite bank, a blaze of fire was puffed into his face, which caused him to rear on end, and his hind feet flying away from him at the same moment on the ice, he fell backward into the middle of the stream, and rolled

over me in the deepest water. Panchito rose on his legs, and stood trembling with affright in the middle of the stream, whilst I dived and groped for my rifle, which had slipped from my hands, and, of course, sunk to the bottom. After a search of



GRACE GREENWOOD BRIDGE.

some minutes I found it, and, again mounting, made another attempt to cross a little farther down, in which I succeeded, and, followed by the mules, dashed through the fire and got safely past the line of blazing brush.

“Once in safety, I turned in my saddle and had leisure to survey the magnificent spectacle. The fire had extended at least three miles on each side of the stream, and the mountain was one sheet of flame. A comparatively thin line marked the progress of the devouring element, which, as there was no wind to direct its course, burned on all sides, actually roaring as it went.

“I had from the first no doubt that the fire was caused by Indians, who had probably discovered my animals, but, thinking that a large party of

MANITOU IN HISTORY.

hunters might be out, had taken advantage of a favorable wind to set fire to the bottom, hoping to secure the horses and mules in the confusion, without the risk of attacking the camp. * * * Singularly enough, just as I had got through the blazing line, a breeze sprang up from the westward and drove the fire after me, and I had again to beat a hasty retreat before it. I encamped six or seven miles from the springs, and whilst proceeding down the creek, deer and antelope continually crossed and recrossed the trail, some in their fright running back into the very jaws of the fire.


"The mountains themselves being invisible, the air, from the low ground where I then was, appeared a mass of fire, and huge crescents of flame danced, as it were, in the very sky, until a mass of timber blazing at once exhibited the sombre background of the stupendous mountains.

"I had scarcely slept an hour, when huge clouds of smoke rolling down the bottom frightened the animals, whose loud whinneying awakened me, and, half suffocated by the dense smoke which hung heavily in the atmosphere, I again retreated before the fire, which was rapidly advancing; and this time I did not stop until I had placed thirty or forty miles between me and the enemy."

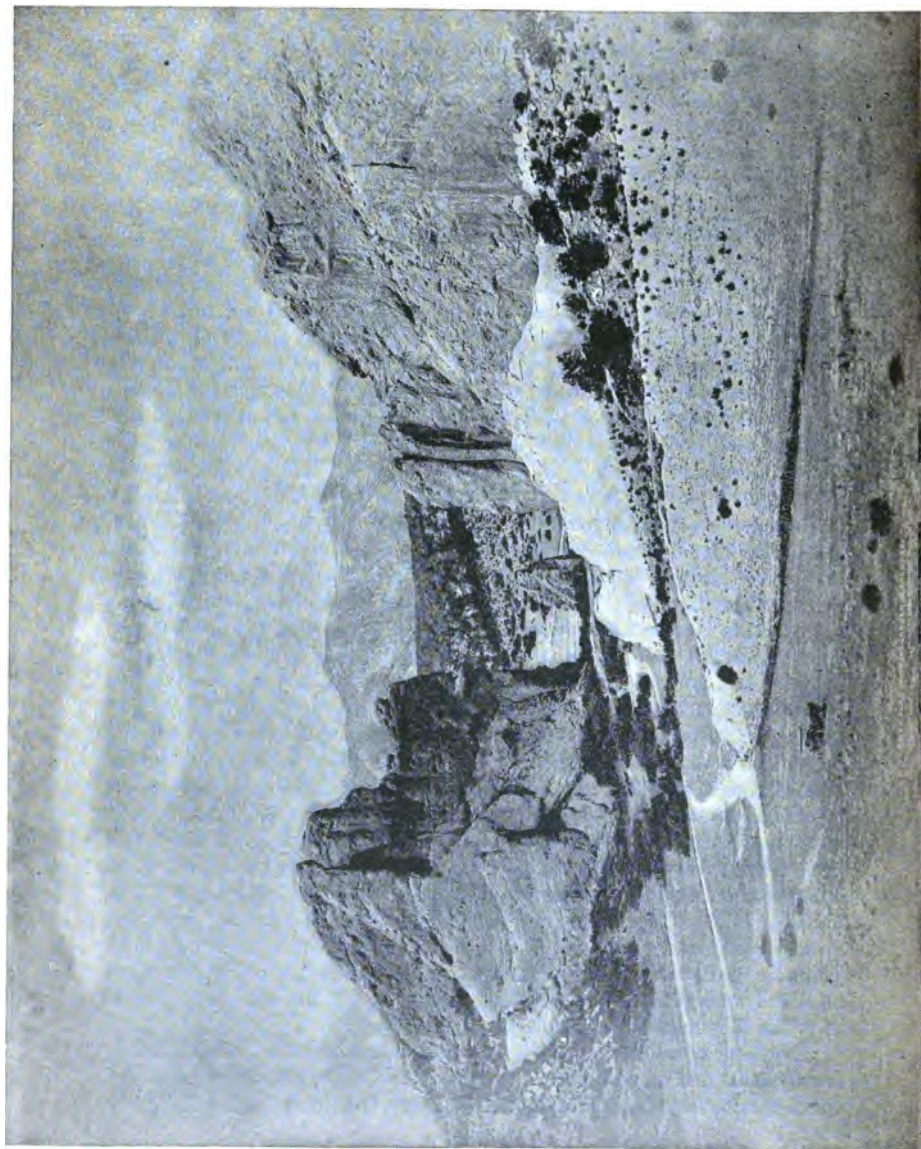
Such were the thrilling experiences of an early visitor to Manitou. It is not necessary to say that since those days a magic transformation has taken place. The Indians have disappeared; the wild animals have retreated into the rocky defiles of the mountains; and where Nature once held sway in rude and savage majesty, Art has set up her kingdom. The beauty and grandeur remain; the springs still bubble up in all their sparkling beauty; the genius of health still broods over their waters, but the hand of man has polished their rustic simplicity, and, removing all that was gross and ungainly, has substituted in their places symmetry and the conveniences which make life something more than mere existence. The wonder of it all is, that so many and such great changes should have been made in so short a period of time. The visitor to Manitou to-day will find it difficult to believe that the events detailed by Ruxton could have occurred on this very spot only forty-three years ago; but one's appreciation of the comforts, luxuries, and delights of Manitou will only be heightened by the contrast between what Ruxton suffered and what the visitor of to-day enjoys.

CHAPTER III.

THE MANITOU OF THE PRESENT.

NE does not see Manitou from afar off. It is so environed by hills that no distant glimpses of it are caught as the train follows up the "very good lodge-pole trail" of Ruxton's day, now the iron pathway of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. Expectation is thus piqued, and when the beautiful little village is discovered as the shoulder of a protecting hill is rounded, it comes as a most pleasant surprise. The little journey of five miles from Colorado Springs to Manitou is full of interest. Colorado City, the first capital of Colorado, when it was a territory, lies midway between the two places. For many years it was a mere hamlet of straggling and decaying houses, but within the last lustrum the breath of manufacturing life has been breathed into it, and now it has become the center of a large community of industrious and energetic men. Beyond Colorado City the railroad follows closely the sinuous course of the Fontaine-qui-Bouille, amidst groves of graceful trees, through which can be seen meandering aisles of pleasant shade. The bending willows, which grow in great abundance along the banks of the mountain stream, are festooned with clematis, while flowers of forms new to Eastern eyes, glowing with brilliant colors, carpet the level stretches and rounded slopes. Suddenly turning the point of a hill, Manitou is discovered in the valley, backed by the giant bulk of Pike's Peak. The railroad at this turning-point is elevated on the slope of the hill, some twenty feet above the carriage-road on Manitou Avenue; and immediately below it, on the other side of the stream to the right, half hidden by groves of lofty trees and tangled shrubbery, one catches a glimpse of Briarhurst, reposing among smooth lawns and abundant flowers. The house is built of the native pink-and-white stone, and is long and low, broken with many gables, porches, and verandas, and covering much ground. In Briarhurst is reverently cherished and highly prized that most beautiful work of American landscape art, Thomas Moran's great picture of "The Mountain of the Holy Cross."

A quarter of a mile further on stands the railroad station. This building is artistic in design, and is constructed of the delicately tinted pink-and-white Manitou stone. The design of the depot is original and striking, the



GATEWAY TO THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

THE MANITOU OF THE PRESENT.

large *porte cochere* in front being its characteristic feature. The grounds around the building are tastefully laid out, and the shaven lawn made still more attractive by beds of handsome flowers and clumps of ornamental trees and shrubbery. From the platform of the station one can obtain a good view of the village, and the magnificent scenery which surrounds it. To the right and a little west of the station, the Fontaine-qui-Bouille flowing



THE MANSIONS.

between, is the Manitou House. The large building is in the Colonial style of architecture and its external air of solid comfort is not belied by the comfort one finds within its hospitable walls. It is surrounded by well-kept and extensive pleasure-grounds, showing the careful attention of a skilled landscape-gardener. Immediately to the westward, almost hidden by the trees, is the cottage built there, some years ago, by the well-known author, Grace Greenwood. Beyond the Manitou House, and closely contiguous to the grand avenue, is the Mansions, the largest hotel in Manitou, and furnished with an elegance unsurpassed in the State. It goes without

THE MANITOU OF THE PRESENT.



SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK—ON THE RAGGED EDGE.

saying that this hotel is a center of pleasant activity during the season, thronged with guests in the full enjoyment of the pleasures of this ideal resort. Convenience, comfort, and luxury are characteristics of the Mansions. Connected with the hotel is a large ball-room, known as "Saratoga Hall," where guests, and those of the Manitou House, can dance, and for whose pleasure music of a very superior character is furnished by a band especially employed for this purpose. Both the Mansions and the Manitou House are under the management of Mr. A. W. Bailey, who has been in charge for a number of years, and who

has friends all over the world in those who have partaken of his liberal and



THE MANITOU OF THE PRESENT.

whole-souled hospitality. The houses are lighted with electricity, splendidly furnished, and lacking in nothing that can contribute to the comfort of their patrons. The Mansions is the favorite with those who enjoy the whirl and excitement of a fashionable watering-place hotel, while the Manitou House is preferred by those who like a more quiet and sequestered environment. Both of these hotels have been enlarged and beautified during the past winter months, and nothing has been neglected to keep them abreast with the very latest improvements.



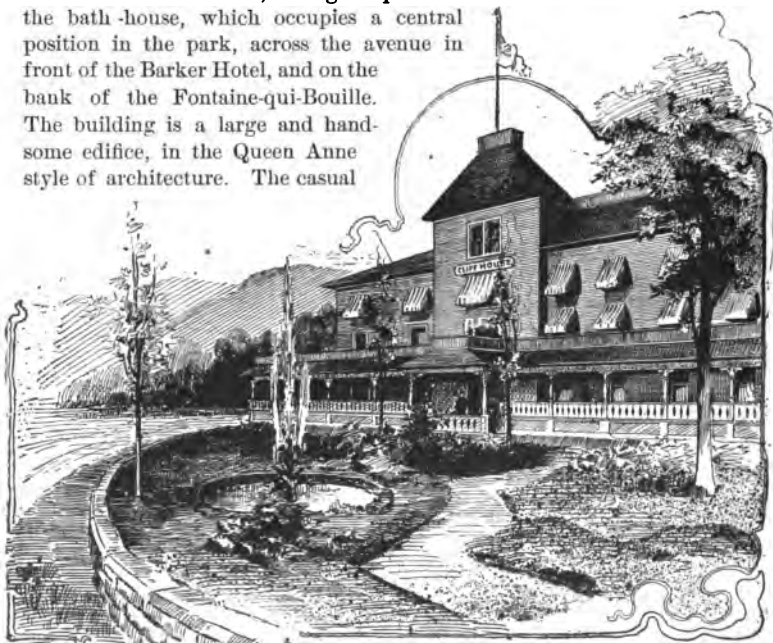
EAST WING OF THE BARKER HOUSE.

Just opposite the famous Shoshone Spring is the Barker Hotel, owned and managed by Mr. C. W. Barker. This favorite hostelry has also been greatly enlarged, and so modified in architectural appearance as to make

THE MANITOU OF THE PRESENT.

it practically a new building. It fronts the park and the bath-house, in a most central location, and stands on an elevation above the main avenue. The main office is reached without ascending any steps. The Barker is a favorite resort with the quiet, wealthy class of people who come to Manitou for a genuine rest, and who enjoy the solid comfort to be found there, which most nearly resembles that of their own well-ordered and luxurious homes. Once a week there is a "hop" at the Barker, a band being employed to furnish music to the guests during the season. The view from the porches of the Barker is far-reaching and full of interest. The mountains, with their foot-hills clothed in the dark-green velvet mantle of the pine, and their summits crowned with the ermine of the spotless snow, with Pike's Peak, towering above all his giant brothers, in the center, form a picture of the utmost grandeur. In addition to all these natural advantages, the Barker possesses all those characteristics of comfort, convenience, and luxury which long experience suggests and ample expenditure secures.

The citizens of Manitou, and the visitors who throng the village throughout the summer months, take great pride in the bath-house, which occupies a central position in the park, across the avenue in front of the Barker Hotel, and on the bank of the Fontaine-qui-Bouille. The building is a large and handsome edifice, in the Queen Anne style of architecture. The casual



WEST WING OF THE CLIFF HOUSE.

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reader might infer that this is a hotel; but it is not, being, on the contrary, one of the most complete and elegant bath-houses to be found anywhere. It is supplied with a large swimming-pool and thirty or more private bath-rooms, supplied with hot or cold water from the Navajo Spring. As an aid in the recovery of health, or as a source of enjoyment, these baths are unexcelled. The reception-rooms for bathers lack no comforts that money and experience can supply. Above the reception-rooms is a handsome suite of apartments, containing a visitors' club-room, where all



THE SPRING HOUSE.

the current periodicals are to be found, and quiet corners for correspondence.

Mr. E. E. Nichols long ago chose a most attractive name for his hotel, and, through years of earnest endeavor to please his patrons, has made the Cliff House a synonym for all that is pleasant in hotel life. Here again the architect and the builder have been busy; and those who thought last season that the Cliff was all that a hotel needed to be, will discover, on revisiting Manitou this year, that progress is ever making changes and improvements here. The high towers and wide-extending balconies of the Cliff have been reduplicated, and every comfort added that could be thought of. The situation of the hotel is picturesque, and the views from its porches are far extending and magnificent. It rests at the mouth of William's Cañon, against a cliff; hence the peculiar appropriateness of its name. The proprietor has conducted the house since 1876, and, therefore, is known widely to the traveling public, and through his long experience

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has acquired a thorough knowledge of the wants of his patrons. The furnishings of the hotel are in keeping with the elegance of its exterior. Electric lights, baths, a barber-shop, billiard-rooms, a music-room, a private dining-room—in fact, all the conveniences and luxuries of life—are to be found here.

The Iron Springs Hotel, H. T. Blake, proprietor, is situated in the lovely and picturesque Engleman's Cañon, in close proximity to the wonderful, health-giving Iron Ute Spring. The building is of a most artistic architectural design, lighted by electricity, heated by steam, provided with electric bells, and gives its guests the free enjoyment of baths, tennis, billiards, etc. By reason of its situation, the Iron Springs Hotel is cool and quiet. The breezes from the snow-fields of the mountains flow down through the cañon, bearing with them the balsamic odors of the pines, which grow in great profusion on these heights. As a resort for invalids, or for those who like a quiet and elegant place of resort, this hotel is *par excellence*. Under its present management, the Iron Springs Hotel, although recently added to the hostelrys of Manitou, has acquired a most enviable reputation.

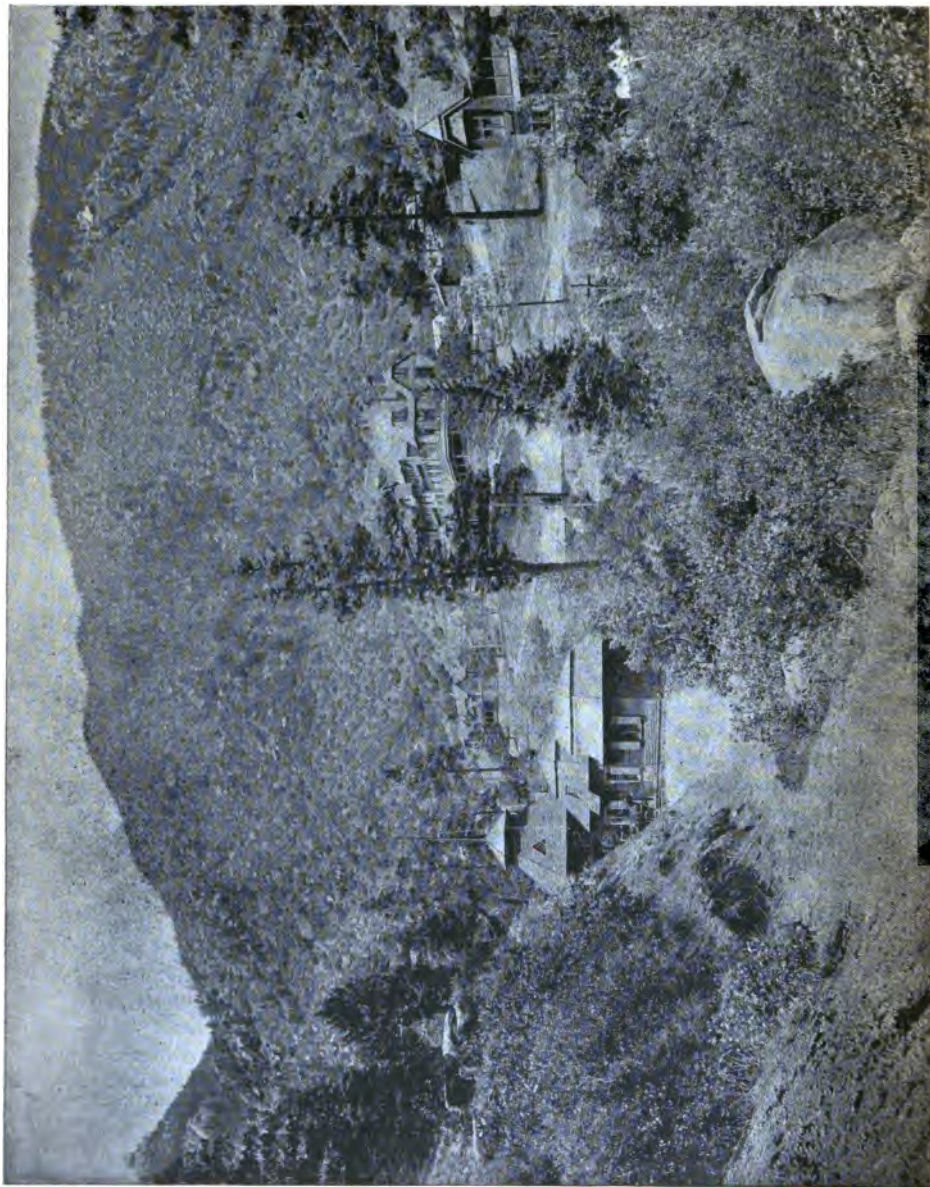
In addition to the hotels already mentioned, there are a dozen others of less magnitude, but not the less carefully conducted. The Hotel Ruxton, owned by Mr. T. A. Hood, is a handsome four-story building, with a frontage of 100 feet, and supplied with all the modern improvements. Situated on Ruxton Creek, the murmur of whose rapidly flowing waters make a pleasant music, it possesses peculiar charms. Fine views can be obtained from its porticos, including a good one of Pike's Peak. The Sunnyside Hotel, owned and managed by Capt. W. R. Rogers, was built in 1878, and at once became popular, and has grown steadily in the patronage and esteem of the public ever since. Each year has seen additions and improvements to the Sunny-Side, until, at present, it furnishes seats for one hundred guests in its dining-room, and has sixty well-furnished sleeping apartments. The hotel buildings occupy a slightly position on a hill overlooking Manitou, and fine views can be obtained from its porches and grounds. All purses can find accommodations to suit at Manitou. Every grade of expenditure can be accommodated. No one need stay away for fear that nothing excellent can be obtained save at the expense of a small fortune. The fact is, that extortion is an unknown quantity at Manitou. Public sentiment is against it. Of course, luxuries cost money; but the visitor can come to Manitou with the full assurance that economy is respected, and with the certainty of finding good food, good lodgings, and polite attention, at moderate cost.

There is one grand avenue in Manitou, and there are many intersecting streets. The situation of the town, shut in as it is by the surrounding and encroaching mountains, precludes the construction of more than one main

THE MANITOU OF THE PRESENT.

drive. This avenue follows closely the windings of the Fontaine-qui-Bouille, and hence meanders in a careless manner through the village. It is, nevertheless, a noble drive, eighty feet in width, and well kept. On each side are the business houses, of which the town has an adequate supply; while on the heights are perched villas and cottages, varying greatly in architecture, and giving great novelty and piquancy to the scene. The finest views of the hills and mountains, Pike's Peak always being the center of the picture, are to be obtained from this avenue. Manitou has a lovely little park, and, of course, it possesses a sequestered, shady pathway along the margin of the brook, winding among the trees and shrubbery, and consecrated to those who naturally yield themselves, among such lovely surroundings, to the influences of Cupid. This delightful foot-path has not been left unchristened, and all visitors to Manitou will recognize the title of "Lovers' Lane." But the springs! They are a source not only of health, but also of enjoyment. Their waters are not nauseating, and, because they taste bad, called good, but, on the contrary, they are delicious. Ruxton has not overstated the palatable characteristics of these waters. When he wrote his book, over forty years ago, he was not writing in the interests of a watering-place, but telling his readers exactly what he found. The waters sparkle and bubble in the glass; they have the pungency of champagne, and, in addition, have been found to possess sterling and specific medicinal qualities. In the center of Manitou is the largest group of these springs, inclosed with pleasure-grounds, and surmounted by handsome pavilions. The first spring is the Shoshone. A few yards further on is the Navajo, the largest of the group. Beyond are two chalybeate springs. On the opposite side of the stream, which is here crossed by a foot-bridge, is the Manitou Spring, covered by a beautiful spring-house. The celebrated Iron Ute Spring (to which reference has already been made) is situated in Engleman's Cañon. The spring is covered with a handsome pavilion. Stone steps lead down to the water, and much has been done to beautify and improve the spot.

The village of Manitou has 1,500 permanent residents, many of them among the most wealthy and influential citizens of Colorado. This population is increased during the season by 3,000 or 4,000 visitors present at one time. It is quite impossible to accurately estimate the actual number of visitors present during the entire season. The town has two distinct plants of electric light, employing both the arc and the incandescent systems. The streets, hotels, and private houses are almost universally illuminated by electricity. The town-hall is built of cut-stone, and was erected at a cost of over \$10,000. Manitou has good schools, and graduates from its high-school are prepared to enter college. The pupils are accommodated in handsome buildings, furnished with all the modern



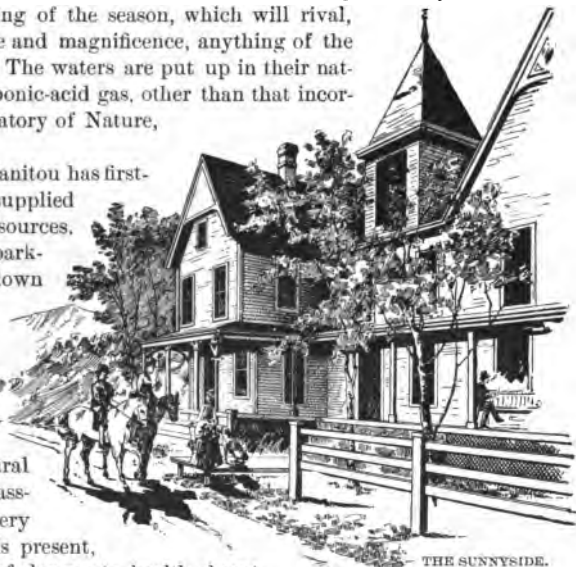
ENGLEMAN'S CAÑON — TERMINUS OF THE PIKE'S PEAK RAILROAD.

THE MANITOU OF THE PRESENT.

educational appliances. It is hardly necessary to say that the teachers are the best that can be secured. Manitou is not a manufacturing town, but it does a large commercial business. One industry has grown to magnificent proportions, and that is the bottling of Manitou water for eastern and foreign consumption. Bottling-works were established only a year or two ago, and so great has become the demand, that larger works are now in process of construction, and will, in all probability, be completed by the opening of the season, which will rival, if not excel, in size and magnificence, anything of the kind in the world. The waters are put up in their natural state. No carbonic-acid gas, other than that incorporated in the laboratory of Nature, will be added.

The village of Manitou has first-class water-works, supplied from pure mountain sources. It has streams of sparkling water flowing down each side of all its streets, giving life and vigor to the shade-trees, whose roots they moisten. The sewerage and natural drainage are unsurpassed; in a word, every element of health is present, and every element of danger to health absent.

The amusements and enjoyments of Manitou are innumerable. There is a new excursion to be made every day. The pleasures of society are always accessible. Music is never lacking. Books can be read here and enjoyed as they can not anywhere else amidst the cares of business. The mountains present an exhaustless field for exploration and delight. Hunting and fishing are sources of pleasure ever at hand for those who delight in outdoor sports. Three large livery-stables, well supplied with horses and carriages, furnish everything that can be desired in that direction. For the children, there is the "Burro Brigade." The little folk delight in riding and driving these quaint, grotesque, little Mexican donkeys, and every day swarms of them can be seen, wild with glee, taking a ride or drive with the patient "burro." Pike's Peak can be ascended, the Grand Caverns visited, Ute Pass explored, the Garden of the Gods driven through, and hours—



THE MANITOU OF THE PRESENT.

yes, days—spent in contemplating the attractions of the hills, mountains, streams, and cañons. The dance in the evening, the ride in the morning, the stroll in the afternoon—all have their mission and their merits. The recital of pleasant things to do would require pages. The only way to satisfy oneself concerning the charms of Manitou is to visit this place of endless attractions, and after that there will be no necessity for the writer to make any further suggestions. Manitou is its own best advocate.



CHAPTER IV.

SUMMER SAUNTERINGS.

TIME never hangs heavily on one's hands at Manitou. There is always something of interest to do, and there always seems to be plenty of time to do it in. One doesn't rush about from place to place, as though walking for a wager, but, on the contrary, a leisurely saunter is adopted. One principal reason for this is the fact that the scenery is so varied, so grand, and so impressive, that frequent contemplative pauses must be made, in order that the eye may grasp all the charming details of the view. Another reason can be found in the fact that so many points of interest exist within easy walking distance from any one of the hotels. The pleasure-grounds and the springs in the village itself are of great interest, and are frequently made the goal of a morning or evening's ramble. A saunter up William's Cañon is easy to accomplish, and full of interest. The road into the cañon passes the Cliff House, and extends for a mile or two up this remarkable gorge. At first, the cañon walls are somewhat widely separated, but before an advance of a quarter of a mile has been made, one is completely shut in by precipitous cliffs, which rise higher and higher as the walker presses onward, until the climax of grandeur is reached about a mile from the entrance, where a great amphitheatre of towering precipices bursts into view. The cañon walls are composed of distinct strata of sandstone, varying greatly in color, so that the precipices are banded, as they rise, with the dazzling hues of vermillion, white, and maroon, and the more delicate tints of pink and gray. The contact between the sandstone and the granite is distinctly shown a few hundred yards beyond the amphitheatre. In this cañon is situated the Cave of the Winds, existing in the cap-rock of limestone, which, several hundred feet in height, crowns the sandstone strata. The entrance to this cavern is in the west wall of the cañon, just below the amphitheatre. It is reached by a winding path which clammers high up the rock wall, made in places more easy of ascent by many flights of stairway. The entrance to the cavern is an imposing archway in the rock. Once within, the explorer finds marvels which are beyond the power of adequate description. Halls, corridors, tunnels abound. Chambers are superimposed upon each other in

SUMMER SAUNTERINGS.

bewildering confusion. The great amphitheatre is of gigantic proportions, being 800 feet long, 40 feet high, and 30 feet in width. Some of the titles given to the chambers in this wonderful cavern will convey to the reader in the briefest possible manner the quaint characteristics of the place. Here can be found "Prairie-Dog Town," "Alabaster Hall,"



THE FONTAINE-QUI-BOUILLE.

"Dante's Inferno," "The Hall of Beauty," and "The Great Cathedral." Many of the curious formations have received their names from forms in life and nature which they resemble; for example: "The Bed of Cauliflowers," "The Bunch of Grapes," "The Chickens," "The Icy Curtains," "The Coral Bouquet," and "The Whale's Head." The place is one of great interest, and will amply repay the visitor. It is always dry, and no

SUMMER SAUNTERINGS.

extra clothing is required in making a visit. After exploring the cave one can return to Manitou by way of another path, which can be reached by climbing to the top of the cliff. The trail, following along one of the ridges down to the village, is easy to find, and gives one some extended and charming views. If one desires a more extended walk, the cañon can be followed upward for several miles, or if one does not wish to walk at all, there is a carriage-road through the cañon as far as the amphitheatre.

Ute Pass, as its name implies, was the national highway of the Ute Indians. Down this defile, in the days when Manitou was the "great medicine" of the aboriginal tribes, the savage warriors poured to hunt the buffalo upon the eastward-lying plains, or to levy war upon their hereditary foes, the Arapahoes, Comanches, and Cheyennes. Until 1872, the cañon now traversed was impassable, the Indian trail leaving the present course three miles above Rainbow Falls, and continuing down the hills to the southward. In the year above mentioned, El Paso County, at an expense of \$20,000, cut the present road through the cañon proper for a distance of two miles and a half, thus opening the best road into the great South Park, and making access to the mining regions beyond more direct and practicable. The drive up Ute Pass is one of great beauty and interest. The road follows the course of the Fontaine-qui-Bouille, though high above it, and the spectacle of the flashing, foaming waters below, the pine-clad hills above; the beetling crags, tipped with serrated and splintered pinnacles, while here and there tower tremendous mountains, whose summits are crowned with eternal snow, is one possessing all the elements of variety, beauty, and grandeur. Crossing a bridge over the Fontaine-qui-Bouille, just at the western verge of the village, the road rapidly ascends to the right of the stream for half a mile, thus gaining the top of Rainbow Falls. A flight of substantial steps descends to a platform at the foot of the falls, from which a grand view can be obtained of the cataract, which makes a perpendicular leap of about one hundred feet. When the




ENTRANCE TO CAVE OF THE WINDS.

SUMMER SAUNTERINGS.

sunbeams strike the waters at the proper angle, a magnificent rainbow is formed, from which fact the fall derives its name. One of the great

attractions to be visited in Ute Pass is the Manitou Grand Caverns. It is the most extensive and wonderful cave to be found anywhere in the West. The visitors enter a comfortable reception-room, where they are furnished with a polite and intelligent guide, and with lights for the subterranean journey. The air in the passages and chambers is pure and dry, and no inconvenience is



THE ORGAN,
MANITOU GRAND CAVERNS.

experienced in their exploration. Remarkably rich displays of stalactites and stalagmites are to be seen here; fantastic forms abound—wreaths of alabaster, beds of coral, graceful flowers, arched bridges, flocks of sheep, bevvies of birds, drooping lilies—in a word, mimetic forms innumerable. The "Opera-House" is a vast apartment five hundred feet long, with a ceiling fifty feet in height. The resemblance to an opera-house is striking. There are regular galleries; the floors are carpeted with an arabesque of flowers; the walls are hung with gracefully draped curtains, and the ceilings handsomely frescoed. But the "Grand Organ" is the crowning wonder of the cave. The keys of this strange instrument are formed of stalactites, which, being struck by the player, give out distinct and perfect musical sounds. At present, it has a compass of two octaves, with all the intervals plainly marked. An accomplished musician is employed, who performs upon this unique instrument.

SUMMER SAUNTERINGS.

The visitor is always charmed by the music, which rivals in purity of tone the notes of a silver bell. The effect is delightful and bewildering, as the acoustics of this great theatre are perfect. The "Bridal Chamber" is the gem of the cavern. It is a perfect museum of wonders. There are tiny flowers of crystal interlaced into garlands and wreaths, which rival the



MANITOU GRAND CAVERNS.

most graceful productions of the floral kingdom. No visitor to Manitou should fail to explore the Grand Caverns. The drive beyond the falls is one of great interest. Vistas of beauty disclose themselves here and there, and the prospect widens as the ascent advances. Three miles above the falls, on the left, a lovely spruce-shaded glen breaks through the southern wall of the cañon, through which an old road winds. This is a pleasant retreat for luncheon or afternoon tea, and if one is on foot or on horseback,

SUMMER SAUNTERINGS.

one can take the Ute Indian trail to the left back to Manitou over the southern hills, from which charming views are obtained and the dusty highway avoided. A pretty conceit as to the origin of Ute Pass is embodied in verse by Marie James, and may be quoted appropriately here:

“In the days forever vanished,—
Golden days of song and story,—
On the arid plains belated,
Came the red men's gods at even
To the bold base of the Rockies;
Paused for rest before they climbed them,
For the hard rock, stern and rugged,
Frowned to North and South before them
An unbroken front and awful,
With no winding cañon gracious,
And the West they sought was golden;
Dropped the great sun, round and ruddy,
And their resting-place was distant.
Sighed the great gods as they stood there.
At the sound the rock wall shivered,
Parted left and right before them;
Came a clear stream down the fissure,
Murmuring, ‘Lave your brows and quaff me!
Blew a cold wind from snow chambers,
Sighing, ‘Breathe me, O ye mighty!’
And the gods, revived and grateful,
Wandered up the pass before them;
While the flowers grew in their footsteps
On the margin of the cool stream,
And the rolling hills, with verdure
Smiled to see the great gods' gladness.
So they wandered up the wild pass
That the rocks had made to aid them.
But before they left the valley,
Paused they at its farther limits,
Turning back with words of blessing
For its gracious ministrations.
As the Health-god spoke, there bubbled
Laughing springs of living water
For the healing of diseases,
Gleamed like red lights down the valley
In the sunset's glow of crimson.

SUMMER SAUNTERINGS.

And the god of Mountain Streamlets
Blessed the brooks, and made them constant,
As the Snow-god blessed their fountains.
Next, with outstretched arms, the Flower-god
Smiling, breathed his benediction,
And the sweet, rare flowers like manna
Rained upon the happy valley.
Last, united rose their voices
In a benison that lingered
In the soft, sweet air of even,
Rose, and fell, and would not perish:
'Be to mankind in their wanderings,
Balm for pain, and ease for sorrow!'
Then their moccasined feet trod lightly
Up the green pass in the gloaming,
Up the pass and far beyond it.
Red men came, and found the valley
Clinging to the wild, bare mountains,
Smiling ever 'neath its blessing;
And, in gratitude they named it
Manitou, the smile of Heaven."

Engleman's Cañon presents another opportunity for a pleasant saunter. The scenery is wild and picturesque, and full of delightful surprises. The Iron Ute and Little Chief iron springs are at the head of the cañon, and closely contiguous to them is the Iron Springs Hotel, already referred to. Ruxton Creek flows down the cañon, broken by many tiny cascades, and lined on each side with a dense growth of willows and shrubbery, embowered with clambering festoons of clematis. The road up this cañon leaves Manitou Avenue a hundred yards or so above the Navajo Spring. Beyond the Iron Springs the carriage-road ends, and the trail to the summit of Pike's Peak begins. The Iron Springs are a favorite resort, and the stroll to them from any of the hotels in the village is a delightful walk before breakfast.



PIKE'S PEAK RAILWAY THROUGH HELL GATE.

CHAPTER V.

ASCENDING PIKE'S PEAK BY RAIL.



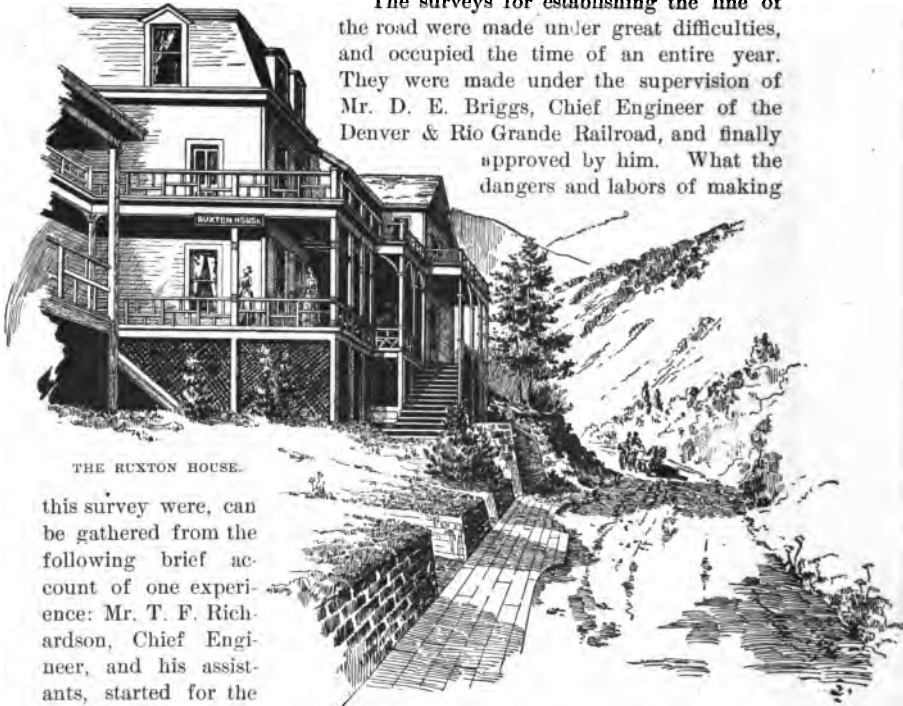
THE ascent of Pike's Peak has long been a great attraction to the visitors at Manitou. Pike himself had this ambition, and has recorded how he was foiled in the attempt. Ruxton also had a desire to accomplish this feat; but the Indians drove him away before it was accomplished. After Manitou became a resort, a trail was constructed to the summit, and since its completion hardly a day has passed during the season which has not seen a party of tourists on horseback making the ascent. Occasionally, a hardy mountain-climber has made the journey on foot. The scenery along the trail, and the views after the summit has been attained, were ample compensations for the difficulties encountered in the trip. Last year a carriage-road was completed. But the ambition aroused by these successes was not yet satisfied, and this season the visitor will be enabled to ride to the very topmost pinnacle of the Peak in the coaches of the Pike's Peak Cog-wheel Railway.

The first attempt to build a railroad to the summit of this historic mountain was originated in 1884, in which year a survey was made to discover whether such a plan was at all practicable. The idea was to build a railroad on regular grades, and after the manner of other mountain-climbing railroads in Colorado, without any special appliances other than those usually found on traction roads. The report was favorable, and a company was formed to build the line. The course of the grade which was put under construction was a zigzag up the sides of Iron Mountain, until Crystal Park was reached; thence through this charming little vale, and skirting Cameron's Cone, it proceeded until the summit of Garfield Peak was nearly reached. Beyond this the route was through Rosemount Park, and on to the desired goal. The maximum grade was to be five per cent., and the curvature thirty degrees. This road was graded for eight miles, and then the project was abandoned, owing to the adverse report of an engineer sent out to examine the work by eastern capitalists. The expert who made the examination was of the opinion that the grade would suffer so extensively from "washouts" that the expense of maintenance would be too great for profitable operation. It is an interesting fact that the grading then done stands to-day as firm and complete as it was the day the workmen left it.

ASCENDING PIKE'S PEAK BY RAIL.

The 29th day of September, 1888, is a day that deserves to be remembered, for then were filed the papers incorporating, according to the laws of Colorado, "The Pike's Peak & Manitou Railway Company." The capital stock was \$500,000. Major John Hulbert was chosen as President of the company, and it is to his untiring energy that the people of Manitou are indebted for the completion of the road in so short a time.

The surveys for establishing the line of the road were made under great difficulties, and occupied the time of an entire year. They were made under the supervision of Mr. D. E. Briggs, Chief Engineer of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, and finally approved by him. What the dangers and labors of making



THE RUXTON HOUSE.

this survey were, can be gathered from the following brief account of one experience: Mr. T. F. Richardson, Chief Engineer, and his assistants, started for the summit on the 1st day of April, 1888. The party camped at night within four miles of the summit, and the engineer started to make a night-march with a detachment of his men to reach the top. With wise precaution, they took with them four days' rations. No sooner had they reached the abandoned Government signal station on the summit than a most violent snow-storm set in. So terrible was the storm, so tremendous the force of the wind, that for four days no one dared venture out from the protecting walls of the stone building in which they were encamped. On the fifth day, being without food, hunger forced them to make a

ASCENDING PIKE'S PEAK BY RAIL.

sorté. For twelve hours they battled with the storm, and at last, completely exhausted, they wrapped themselves in their blankets and lay down upon a bed of snow to pass the night. The snow beneath them was five feet deep; and when the morning dawned they found themselves covered a foot deep with a fresh fall of snow. They were only a mile and a half from the camp of the main body of engineers, but it took them ten hours to march that distance against the storm, and over the precipitous and rocky way. They arrived just as a relief party was starting out in search of them. Such experiences were frequent until the warm suns of June melted the snow and made further work comparatively easy.

On September 28, 1889, grading was begun at the summit, and before the winter snows appeared, three miles of the road-bed were completed. During the succeeding summer three more miles were graded, and at present only a short distance remains to be finished.

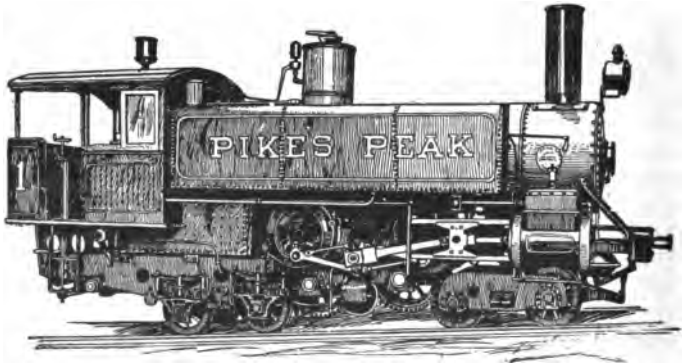
The entire length of the road will be eight and seventy-four one-hundredths miles. The full description, obtained by the writer in conversation with President Hulbert and Chief Engineer Richardson, is as follows:

The road-bed is fifteen feet wide. Every two hundred or four hundred feet, according to grade, are sunk cross-sections of masonry, to which the track is tied, so that absolute rigidity is secured. There is not a single foot of trestle-work on the entire line, and only three short bridges, these being constructed in the most substantial manner, entirely of iron. The maximum curvature is only sixteen degrees, which gives a radius of 359 feet. The average ascent per mile is 1,320 feet. The total rise from base to summit is 7,525 feet. The cost of grading alone will be over \$120,000. The road will be standard gauge, and laid with forty-pound steel rails. Between these, in the center of the track, are placed two cog-rails, made of the finest Coca steel. A special chair has been manufactured for these rails, at Abt's great foundry, in Germany. On the Mount Washington road, and on that up the Rigi, the middle rail is constructed upon the principle of a ladder. This is cumbersome, provocative of great noise, and only allows a speed of two and three-fourths miles an hour. The speed attainable on the Pike's Peak road will be seventeen miles an hour, but the maximum rate will not be over eight miles, and the average not more than four miles. One cog-rail would be amply sufficient to do all the work, but two are inserted to insure safety. The cogs are fitted with such nicety that the variation of a fiftieth part of an inch in one of them will cause the whole rail to be rejected. The engines are built by the Baldwin Company, of Philadelphia, and are of the latest pattern. When on a level track, they will stand at an eight per cent. slant, and thus when the cars and engine are on a sixteen per cent. grade, they will be level. There are three wheels on each side of the engine, which revolve on the axles and

ASCENDING PIKE'S PEAK BY RAIL.

merely act as guides, and to sustain the weight. There are three driving cog-wheels which interdigitate with the cog-rails, and thus, when the engine is in position, the track is in reality *a part of the engine*. The weight of the engine is thirty-two tons. Two of the cog-drivers will be in constant use, and the third will be reserved for emergencies. The cars are building at Springfield, Mass., and will be arranged on a "slant" corresponding with that of the engine, and each one is fitted with an independent cog-brake. The engine will push the cars up the mountain, and will be in front of them in making the descent. No coupling will be used, and each car will be entirely independent of the other. The descent could be made in perfect safety without an engine. The cars will seat fifty passengers each, though nearly twice that number can be accommodated in case of necessity.

The element of safety has been looked after with the greatest care. The road-bed is ballasted the firmest of any in the United States. The absence of trestles is a great integer of protection from danger; the cross-section embankments render the track rigid; the bridges are of iron. The engine, when going at the rate of three miles an hour, can be stopped *instantly*. When running at the rate of eight miles an hour, it can be stopped before it has progressed *twenty inches*. The road-bed is fifteen feet wide. Each car is provided with individual cog-wheel brakes. The cars are not coupled together; the engine is always in the rear. This recapitulation is made to impress upon the mind of the reader the absolute safety of the road. In a word, this line is far safer than any road, however guarded, that is operated upon level ground.



THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER.

CHAPTER VI.

SCENERY ON THE ASCENT OF PIKE'S PEAK.

IN addition to the novelty of ascending Pike's Peak by railway, it will give an opportunity for beholding scenery of surpassing grandeur, beauty, and magnitude. The road will start near the Iron Spring, in Engleman's Cañon, and will follow this gulch to the head-waters of Ruxton Creek. This stream is a typical mountain brook, with cold, clear, sparkling waters, that come dancing down the mountain-side, broken into a thousand little cascades and foaming rapids. There are two very pretty falls in Ruxton Creek, called, respectively, the Shelter and the Minnehaha. The walls of the cañon are not precipitous, but extend back in long, rolling heights on each side of the track, and are clothed with a luxuriant growth of pines and spruces. Along the margin of the creek grow quantities of the mountain ash, whose red berries, flaming through the shadowy twilight of the place, will seem to Eastern visitors like the familiar greetings of an old friend in a strange land. Titanic bowlders, hurled down from granite heights during geologic convulsions in prehistoric ages, lie strewn about on every hand—bowlders of every imaginable form and in every conceivable position. In many places these bowlders are piled in chaotic confusion over the bed of the stream, frequently hiding it entirely from view. "Gog" and "Magog" are two characteristic examples of this rock-piling, which are plainly visible from Manitou.

As the ascent is made, many opportunities are given for exquisite views of the world below, through vistas in the trees, with the eastern plains glowing in the sunshine, and extending as far as vision reaches, and limited only by the blue horizon's verge. About half-way up the mountain, and directly on the line of the railway, reached also by the trail, lies the Half-way House. Here is surely a delightful mountain retreat—a comfortable rustic house, with an unexcelled cuisine; a fine grove of pines and firs close by, wafted through which the cool mountain breeze becomes laden with their delightful and health-giving odors. For those who desire to spend a night in the mountains, there is certainly no better place than here, where the tourist, weary from his day's journey, may be lulled to blissful slumber by the soft murmuring of the wind and the deep, sullen roar of the water-fall below.

SCENERY ON THE ASCENT OF PIKE'S PEAK.

When the head-waters of Ruxton Creek are reached, the road curves to the southwest, and "Windy Point" is attained. From here one has a



RUXTON CREEK.

distinct view of Manitou, Colorado City, and Colorado Springs. The "Cathedral Spires" and the "Great Gate-way" of the Garden of the Gods appear like the castles set by the giants for a stupendous game of chess.

SCENERY ON THE ASCENT OF PIKE'S PEAK.

We are now far above timber-line. On all sides can be seen strange flowers, of lovely forms and varied hues. Plants which attain considerable proportions on the plains are here reduced to their lowest terms. It is not an unusual thing to find a sunflower-stalk on the prairies rising to a height of from eight to ten feet; here they grow like dandelions in the grass, yet retaining all their characteristics of form and color. Beyond this mountain meadow are great fields of disintegrated granite, broken cubes of pink rock, so vast in extent that they might well be the ruins of all the ancient cities in the world. Far below flash the waters of Lake Morain, and beyond, to the southward, lie the Seven Lakes. Another turn of the track to the northward, and the shining rails stretch almost straight up what appears to be an inaccessible wall of precipitous granite. But no physical



THE BATH-HOUSE.

obstruction is formidable enough to stop the progress of this marvelous railway; and, passing the yawning abyss of the "Crater," the line proceeds direct to the summit. The grade here is one of twenty-five per cent., and timid passengers will not escape a thrill of fear as they gaze over the brink of this precipice, although the danger is absolutely nothing. At last the summit is reached, and, disembarking, the tourists can seek refreshments in the hotel, which will cater to their wants, and then spend the time before the train returns in enjoying the view and in rambling over the seventy acres of broken granite which form the summit.

The view from the peak, once beheld, can never be forgotten. The first sensation is that of complete isolation. The silence is profound. The

SCENERY ON THE ASCENT OF PIKE'S PEAK.

clouds are below us, and noiselessly break in foaming billows against the faces of the beetling cliffs. Occasionally the silence is broken by the deep roll of thunder from the depths beneath, as though the voice of the Creator were uttering a stern edict of destruction. The storm rises, the mists envelop us, there is a rush of wind, a rattle of hail, and we seek refuge in the hotel. Pause a moment before entering, and hold up your hands. You can feel the sharp tingle of the electric current as it escapes from your finger-tips. The storm is soon over, and you can see the sunbeams gilding the upper surfaces of the white clouds that sway and swing below you, half way down the mountain-sides, and completely hide from view the world beneath. The scenery shifts, like a drawn curtain the clouds part, and as from the heights of another sphere we look forth upon the majesty of the mountains and the plains. An ocean of inextricably entangled peaks sweeps into view. Forests dark and vast seem like vague shadows on distant mountain-sides. A city is dwarfed into the compass of a single block; water-courses are mere threads of silver laid in graceful curves upon the green velvet mantle of the endless plains. The red granite rocks beneath our feet are starred with tiny flowers, so minute that they are almost microscopic, yet tinted with the most delicate and tender colors.

The majesty of greatness and the mystery of minuteness are here brought face to face. What wonders of creation exist between these two extremes! The thoughtful mind is awed by the contemplation of this scene, and when the reflection comes that these vast spaces are but grains of sand on an infinite shore of creation, and that there are worlds of beauty as vast and varied between the tiny flowers and the ultimate researches of the microscope as those which exist on an ascending scale between the flowers and the great globe itself, the mind is overwhelmed with wonder and admiration. It is in vain that one strives to describe the scene. Only those who have beheld it can realize its grandeur and magnificence.

CHAPTER VII.

ON HORSEBACK AROUND MANITOU.

THOSE who are fond of riding on horseback can find ample scope for this pleasant exercise in visiting places of interest near Manitou. There is one noteworthy feature about these rides, and that is, that there is always something striking or beautiful to be seen at the end of the journey as well as en route. A ride to Crystal Park, and a clamber from thence to the top of Cameron's Cone, will be found full of enjoyment. Crystal Park is three miles by road from Manitou, and has an altitude of 8,450 feet. It is enclosed by mountain-peaks, and entrance to it is gained by way of a bold, natural gate-way. During the summer season it abounds in wild flowers. Here are found in great profusion blooming vines of a dainty blue-and-white columbine. This flower is so delicately beautiful that it has attracted the attention of lovers of flowers from all parts of the world, and has recently been introduced in Europe. The most delightful road to Crystal Park is over the old grade of the abandoned railroad to Pike's Peak, reference to which has been made in a preceding chapter. In its course it passes through the park. One can obtain a very comprehensive view of Manitou, and the country surrounding the village, by taking this road. By following the first grade to the westward, a point directly above Engleman's Cañon is reached. Here one has a widely extended view, Manitou being at one's feet to the right. After exploring Crystal Park, one can climb, on foot, to the summit of Cameron's Cone, if one is inclined to a little mountaineering. The ascent is 3,000 feet, and the altitude at the summit is 11,500 feet above the sea. It is needless to say that the view from this elevation is superb, and that it will amply repay one for the exertion it requires to obtain it.

There are three interesting cañons between Colorado City and Manitou, which may be visited after descending from Crystal Park. These are known as Sutherland, Red Rock, and Bear Creek Cañons. Red Rock Cañon, once a sylvan resort, has now become one of the leading stone-quarries of this region. Here are obtained large quantities of a very handsome red sandstone, which is used for building and ornamental work. Sutherland Cañon is reached from Manitou Avenue, and possesses a quiet



CLIMBING PIKE'S PEAK BY RAIL.

ON HORSEBACK AROUND MANITOU.

beauty. Bear Creek Cañon is the most attractive of the three. Through it courses the brook from which it takes its name. There is plenty of shade, flowers and vines grow in profusion, and Josephine Falls add to the beauty of the scene.



THE GRAVE OF "H. H."—CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN.

Another interesting ride is that over the Ridge Road. This is a carriage-drive recently constructed at an expense of several thousand dollars contributed for this purpose. A part of this road has so sharp a grade that a carriage with a brake should be used to render this method of travel safe and enjoyable for ladies. There can be no objection to this road, however, for an excursion on horseback. It is easily reached by crossing a bridge some twenty yards east of the entrance to Briarhurst, on Manitou Avenue. It

ON HORSEBACK AROUND MANITOU.

follows a winding course up the hills which shelter Manitou on the north. It enters William's Cañon by a somewhat sharp descent, opposite the entrance to the Cave of the Winds. The views to be obtained from this road are extensive. To the east can be seen the plains, to the northeast the dark outlines of the pine-clad Divide, and in the foreground is the Garden of the Gods. Pike's Peak, of course, is plainly to be seen, while on every side beneath one are the radiating gorges which characterize this region. By the Ridge Road a circuit of about four miles can be made, which will be found full of novelty and enjoyment.

Cheyenne Mountain is one of the most prominent peaks in the foot-hills surrounding Manitou, and, aside from the massiveness of its form, the beauty of its cañons, the charm of its waterfalls, has the interesting but sad association of being the burial-place of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, the poet and *littérateur*, known to the world under her *nom de plume* of "H. H." A ride of eight miles from Manitou brings the tourist to the foot of Cheyenne Mountain, and the entrance of Cheyenne Cañon. Here are two of these great gorges, known respectively as the North Cañon and the South Cañon. The South Cañon is the most frequented, being the site of the Seven Falls, and also the most direct approach to the last resting-place of "H. H." The scenery in these cañons is remarkable and bold. The walls are of granite, towering perpendicularly on each hand to a height of a thousand feet. After exploring the depths, one can ascend the wall of South Cañon at its head, near the Seven Falls. If a more extended view is desired, one can gratify it by following the Cheyenne Mountain toll-road, which begins to climb the ridge just south of the entrance to South Cheyenne Cañon. By this road a trip can be made to Seven Lakes, and the views are magnificent and far-extending. There are many other rides that can be taken from Manitou; in fact, the list would be far too extended to allow even a bare mention here. What has been said has been by way of illustration only, and each tourist will discover for himself the greatest variety of attractive and pleasing rides and drives.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN AND AROUND THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

NO visit to Manitou, however brief, can be considered complete if the Garden of the Gods has not been seen. The most direct road to reach it from the village is by way of Manitou Avenue and Buena Vista Drive, the latter being a well-traveled road, which enters the avenue on the left, about a mile from the town, as one advances toward Colorado City. The entrance to the Garden is past Balanced Rock, an immense boulder, which stands directly to the left of the road, poised on such a slender base that it suggests an irregular pyramid standing on its apex. To the right, as one passes this curious formation, is a steep wall of stratified stone, draped with clinging vines and overgrown with evergreens. Pausing a moment on the brow of the elevation which is reached here, one can look down into the valley below in which the Garden lies. To the west are the mountains; to the east, the plains. The road which winds through the valley is a pleasant way. One's eyes and mind are kept busy beholding and recording the interesting views which here abound. No one knows exactly why this valley was named the "Garden of the Gods." There is nothing especially garden-like in its appearance; but, doubtless, through "apt alliteration's artful aid," the name has become greatly popular, and it would be foolish to quarrel with it, or make any attempt to change it. There are, however, ample suggestions that Titanic forces have been at work here, and it requires but little imagination to ascribe these innumerable quaint sculpturings, these magnificent architectural rock-works, these grand and imposing temples, not made with hands, to the agencies of the gods. Here are to be found carved in stone by those cunning instruments in the hands of Nature, the wind, the rain, the sun-beam, and the frost, curious, often grotesque, figures irresistibly suggestive of forms of life. Here stands a statue of Liberty, leaning on her shield, with the conventional Phrygian cap on her head; there is a gigantic frog carved in sandstone; yonder is a pilgrim, staff in hand. Groups of figures in curious attitudes are to be seen on every hand. The lion, the seal, the elephant, are all to be found; indeed, a lively imagination is not needed to discover in this Garden of the Gods an endless variety of imitative forms of

IN AND AROUND THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

human beings, of birds and beasts, and reptiles. These figures possess a curious interest, and attract wondering attention; but the notable and majestic objects here are the "Great Gate-way" and the "Cathedral Spires." Two lofty tablets of carnelian-colored sandstone, set directly opposite each other, about fifty feet apart, and rising to a height of three hundred and thirty feet, form the portals of the far-famed Gate-way. Rising from perfectly level ground, these upthrusts present a strangely impressive spectacle. The "Cath-



THE IRON SPRINGS HOTEL.

dral Spires" are of a similar character to the Gate-way, but their crests are sharply splintered into spire-like pinnacles. The forms assumed by the rocks here are remarkable indeed, but their color is still more remarkable. No sandstones of the East glow with such a splendor of carnelian hue. The striking contrast formed by these crimson crags outlined against the deep blue sky, and gilded by the high, white light of the unclouded sun of Colorado, can not be described. Paintings have been made in which the artist strove for this effect. The result was *bizârre* and gairish. Art can

IN AND AROUND THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

not reproduce the effect. What appears crude and violent in color on canvas, appears strong, brilliant, and harmonious when it is beheld in nature.

Near the Garden of the Gods is a village of prairie-dogs. It is interesting to the tourist, and is generally visited on the return from the Garden to Manitou. The town is situated on the road which passes through the Great Gate-way to Colorado City, and may be seen on a little plateau to the left. Here are a great number of little hills of sand and gravel thrown up by the dogs around their burrows. Every fine day, the little fellows can be seen at work around their dwelling, or sitting on their haunches sunning themselves, and chattering gaily with some neighbor. The burrow has an easy incline for about two feet, then descends perpendicularly for five or six, and after that branches off obliquely. It is often as large as a foot in diameter. It has been claimed that the prairie-dog,



IN THE GARDEN.



MAJOR DOMO.

the owl, and the rattlesnake live harmoniously together. Concerning this, Mr. William G. Smith, a competent Colorado naturalist, says: "Impossible! The burrowing owl will generally be seen where dogs congregate, and wherever the ground is undermined, his snakeship is apt to be found; but rest assured there is some lively 'scattering' to get out of his way if he draws his slimy carcass into their burrows. The dogs have no desire to contest his right to it, and give him all the room he wants." The dogs at home are neat little fellows, and allow no litter to accumulate around their doors. They go to bed early, and never go around disturbing their neighbors before daylight.

A peculiarity of the country lying north of Manitou, and close to the

IN AND AROUND THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

Garden of the Gods, is that it is cut by narrow valleys of erosion into ridges and corresponding gorges. One ridge leads up to another, and that to a third, and so on. This broken country, covered with pine and cedar, and clothed with bunch-grass and gramma, makes a capital tramping-ground, especially in winter, when rabbits, mountain grouse, and sage-hens are numerous enough to make it worth while to shoulder a gun. The best way to reach the ridges is to take the road to the Garden of the Gods, and follow it until the Quarry Road is reached. Pursuing the latter up a gorge, and then turning to the left on a branch road, which zigzags up the sides of the



BALANCED ROCK.

gorge, one soon finds one's self on the top of a ridge. The rule in ridge-climbing is never to cross a gully, but always to keep on top. All the ridges in this vicinity converge to the main ridge, which overlooks Queen's Cañon. This ridge bends to the northwest, and in two or three miles joins a still higher one, which, strange to say, will be found to overlook the Ute Pass, a thousand feet above the Fontaine-qui-Bouille, which flows in the bottom of the cañon below. In Queen's Cañon is situated Glen Eyrie, the site of a private residence—a most interesting glen, but not open to the public. The character of the monoliths in this cañon is more remarkable even than those of the Garden of the Gods.

The Major Domo is a column of red sandstone rising to a height of three hundred feet, with a curious swell near the summit which far exceeds in diameter the base of the shaft. It looks as though it might fall at any moment in obedience to the laws of gravity, and is not exceeded in this regard by the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

There is another glen of a similar character, about two miles to the northwest, which is known as Blair Athol. It is a beautiful spot, but, lacking water, has never been used as a dwelling-place. It abounds in wildly picturesque scenery, and possesses rock formations of strange shapes and brilliant colors. There are groves of magnificent pines; and the view of the distant plains, stretching to the eastern horizon, is unobstructed, and of great interest.

CHAPTER IX.

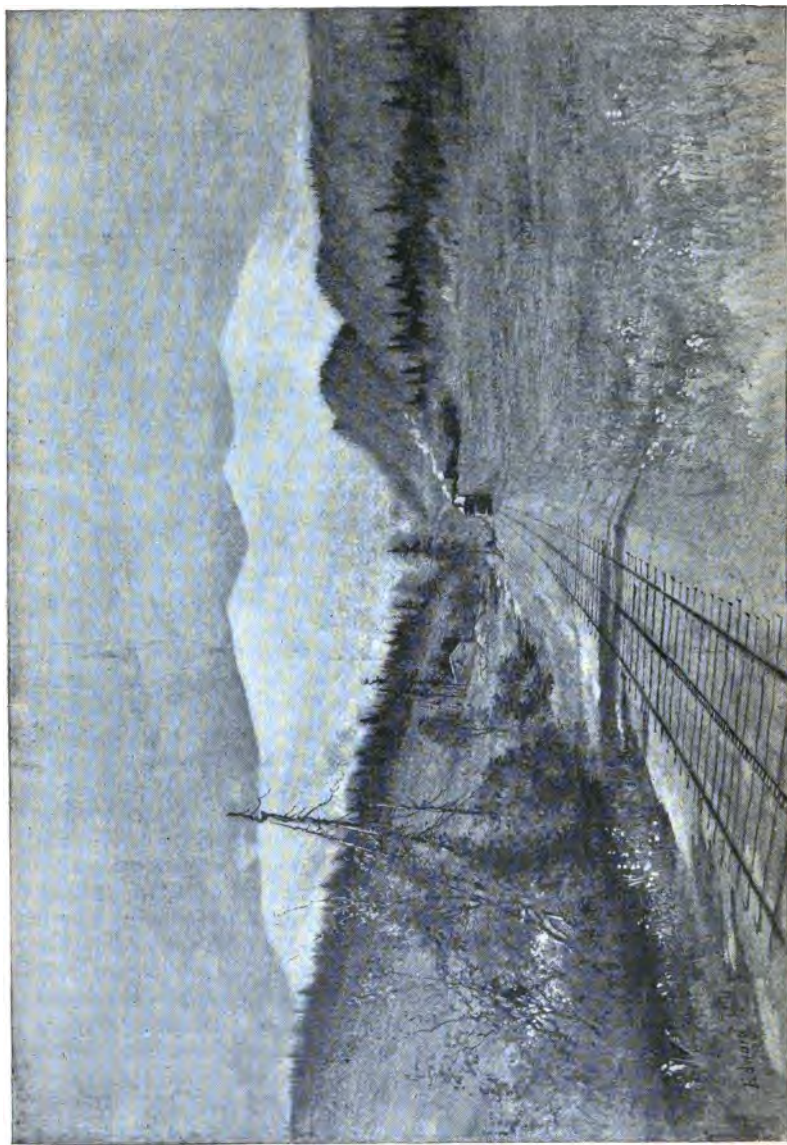
MANITOU AS A HEALTH RESORT.

THOSE who come to Manitou in search of health will not have their hopes disappointed. There are many reasons why this should be the case, aside from the benefits which will arise from the use of the medicinal waters of the springs. The climate, the altitude, the pure mountain air, the delightful scenery, the pleasant associations, and the services of skilled and conscientious physicians will each contribute toward the reëstablishment of health. As this chapter will be read with the deepest interest by those who are in search of renewed strength, the writer will not give his unsupported opinion, but will quote from medical authorities who speak from actual knowledge and experience. Dr. S. Edwin Solly, a medical writer of wide reputation, and a physician who has practiced his profession for years at Colorado Springs and Manitou, says:

“There is probably no climate in the world where outdoor life is so thoroughly enjoyable through every season of the year as that of Colorado. This fact is of special force as regards the *winter* season, when we consider how few *bracing* health resorts there are in the United States that do not suffer from the disadvantage of excessive cold.

“Manitou lies in a valley amidst the mountains at an elevation of six thousand three hundred and seventy feet; but is unlike other mountain health resorts, which are either, as in Switzerland, hemmed in on all sides by mountains, or like those lying on the slopes of the Pyrenees, overlooking a country covered with growing crops, woods, towns, and water. Manitou, though hills gradually rising to the dignity of the mountains protect it on three sides from the winds, while their gentle slopes do not shut out the sun, yet opens out at its northeast extremity onto the great plains themselves, thus reaping the benefit of so vast an open space filled with an atmosphere highly rarefied and dry, and, above all, free from all the impurities which emanate from decaying vegetation, swampy soil, or crowded cities. The mountains shelter Manitou from the wind and dust storms, which make life upon the plains, during the winter and early spring, almost impossible to the delicate invalid, while their height is not great enough to shut out the sun; so that, even in the shortest days of winter, there are at least six hours of warm sunshine to tempt the invalid to exercise.

“The Denver & Rio Grande Railroad enables the invalid, if he desire it, to change his locality to the colder or more open situation of Denver, or the



APPROACHING THE SUMMIT—PIKE'S PEAK R. R. THROUGH LION'S GULCH.

MANITOU AS A HEALTH RESORT.

warmer climate of Pueblo and Cañon City. Manitou being placed at the great entrance to the mountains, the Ute Pass, it is easy for a patient to find there the advantages that a higher elevation or the mere change of surroundings so often gives.

"The highest of the European iron springs are St. Catarina, 5,600 feet, and St. Moritz, 5,464. The height of the Iron Ute is 6,400 feet.

"Spa, which has been compared with Manitou, enjoys none of the advantages derived from an elevated situation, as it is in a mild, relaxing valley, one thousand feet only above sea-level.

"Pymont is lower than Spa, and Schwalbach about the same elevation.

"The cases requiring chalybeate waters usually require also the fresh, bracing air of the mountains, and it is for this reason that a good iron spring at a high elevation is so valuable."

The following tables will give the reader an idea of the components of the various springs of Manitou, together with a comparison with those of the celebrated resorts of Europe:

THE MOST CELEBRATED CHALYBEATE WATERS.

IN A PINT ARE CONTAINED GRAINS AS FOLLOWS:

Iron.	Fixed component parts.	Total.
Driburg.....0.78.....lime 25, sulphate of soda and magnesia 15.....		40.
Pymont.....0.57.....lime 20, sulphate of magnesia 3.....		25.
Iron Ute0.40.....lime 4, sulphate of soda 3, carbonate of soda and magnesia 5.....		15.
Spa.....0.37.....bi-carbonate of soda and chloride of sodium.....		4.
Schwalbach..0.54.....lime 1½, carbonate of soda and magnesia 3.....		4.
St. Moritz ...0.18.....lime 7, sulphate of soda 2, carbonate of soda and magnesia 2.....		11.

Spa and Schwalbach are the most celebrated of the pure iron springs—that is, of iron waters whose whole component parts are not more than a few grains. Of these, Schwalbach contains rather more iron, and Spa rather less, than the Iron Ute.

THE MINERAL SPRINGS AT MANITOU.

IN A PINT ARE CONTAINED GRAINS AS FOLLOWS:

—OF—	Navajo.	Mani- tou.	Minne- haha.	Sho- shone.	Iron Ute.	Little Chief.	Spa.
Carbonate of Soda.....	8 3-4	3 1-4	1 2-3	6 1-5	4 1-7	1 1-17	3-5
Carbonate of Lithia.....	1-50	1-67	trace.	trace.	trace.	trace.
Carbonate of Lime.....	9 1-17	7 3-4	2 4-5	7 3-5	4 1-8	5 1-4	1-2
Carbonate of Magnesia.....	2 1-5	1 1-2	1-2	1 1-50	1	1-7
Carbonate of Iron.....	trace.	1-10	2-5	1-8	1-3
Sulphate of Potassa.....	1 1-7	1	trace.	1-3	1-2	1-2	1-14
Sulphate of Soda.....	1 1-4	1 1-3	3-4	2 3-5	2 1-5	3 3-5	1-25
Chloride of Sodium.....	2 3-4	2 2-3	1	3	2 1-5	3 1-3	2-5
Silicia.....	1-10	1-7	trace.	trace.	1-5	1-7	9-20
Total of solid constituents.....	25 1-3	18 1-5	7	19 2-5	14 3-4	15	3 1-50
Gases.....	Free.	Carb'nc	Acid.
Degree of Fahrenheit.....	50° 2	56°	48° 3	44° 3	49°

MANITOU AS A HEALTH RESORT.

In addition to what Doctor Solly has said concerning Manitou as compared with foreign health resorts, the following, by Dr. A. D. Standish, of Manitou, is *a propos* of the special adaptability of this resort to the cure of certain diseases:

"Manitou is admirably adapted to those suffering from malaria, pulmonary hemorrhage, asthma, bronchitis, chronic pneumonia, hay-fever, and throat affections in general. The rarefied atmosphere, free from noxious germs, forces the lungs to expand and contract more than is their custom, affording them exercise which they could not get under ordinary circumstances. Another most delightful and rejuvenating effect of the climate is its tendency to produce sound and refreshing sleep—complete rest—which is most essential in the treatment of diseases in general. For this reason, insomnia is most successfully combated in this altitude. Mountain-climbing was regarded by the ancients as an excellent adjunct to the treatment of pulmonary consumption, and is still so held, and if the patient is sufficiently strong and prudent, is productive of the greatest good. The drives and foot-trails through the mountains and foot-hills are most interesting, and the wise invalid, who appreciates the benefits of an outdoor life, will certainly avail himself of their pleasures—an excellent preventive to a most distressing condition of mind—homesickness. The mineral springs are soda, sulphur, and iron—their analyses may be found elsewhere—all naturally effervescent, and most palatable. The soda and sulphur waters have been used with marked success in chronic catarrh of the stomach and bowels, torpidity of the liver attended with jaundice, chronic constipation, diabetes, and rheumatism. For the latter disease, the hot soda baths are especially to be recommended. The chalybeate waters are to be recommended in all chronic diseases attended with anæmia, or lack of blood, such as a system surcharged with malaria; pulmonary diseases in general, nervous affections, and, associated with the soda waters, in chronic gastric and intestinal catarrh, or dyspepsia in its various forms. The plethoric or full-blooded individual would prudently abstain from the use of the iron water; the soda would be preferable.

CHAPTER X.

MANITOU AS A PLACE OF WINTER RESIDENCE.

THE fame of Manitou as a summer resort for health and pleasure has so concentrated public opinion upon this idea alone, that the facts of its claims as a winter residence and resort are almost lost sight of by the public at large. It was the expectation of those who founded the town, that it would become the favorite place of residence south of the Divide. This expectation, though somewhat delayed in realization, is now being fulfilled. Manitou is especially desirable as a winter residence, because it is warm and sheltered, dry and sunny after the fall of the leaf, with high cliffs facing the southern sun, which absorb its heat all day and evolve it gradually throughout the night. In order that there may be no question as to the accuracy of these statements, the statistical report of Professor Loud, of Colorado College, is appended. The Professor says:

“The important climatic factor of relative humidity, and the number of clear, fair, and cloudy days, may be derived from the following table. The former is expressed in per cent. of saturation; that is, the vapor present in the air is regarded as percentage of the amount which would be required, at the existing temperature, to produce a deposition of frost or dew:

	Relative Humidity.	Number of Days.		
		Clear.	Fair.	Cloudy.
December.....	59.5	15	13	3
January.....	55.3	17	13	1
February.....	59.4	11	13	5
March.....	54.2	14	13	4
April.....	44.9	9	16	5
May.....	55.2	2	22	7
June.....	39.1	16	14	0
July.....	50.4	14	16	1
August.....	52.7	10	16	5
September.....	53.9	19	11	0
October.....	56.4	12	14	5
November.....	67.0	18	8	4
Total.....		157	169	40

It will be seen from the above table that for the entire year, beginning December 1st, the number of clear days was 157; fair days, 169; cloudy days, 40. From the same source, the data for the following table of tem-

MANITOU AS A PLACE OF WINTER RESIDENCE.

peratures has been obtained. Although the statement is for the year 1888, it is a fair record of yearly temperature, as the average is only .7° higher than the grand average of a long series of years past.

	Mean Temperature.	Highest.	Lowest.
December	28.0	56.3	-13.6
January	26.9	62.9	-23.0
February	36.1	64.2	9.6
March	35.2	72.6	0.8
April	51.5	80.0	27.0
May	52.4	77.0	31.0
June	67.2	95.0	38.1
July	70.5	96.0	56.6
August	64.9	90.0	44.7
September	58.9	87.0	37.2
October	47.7	74.8	21.6
November	38.1	68.5	11.6

The mean temperature is composed from the mean temperatures of warm days and cool nights, the contrast being very marked all the year round, but especially in winter.

Between sunshine and shade, in winter, there is a remarkable difference. The winter sun is warm, the air pure and bracing. The invalid should not be afraid of fresh air; such glorious, dry air can do him no harm. A walk of five or ten minutes before breakfast, in the sunshine, or a jaunt to the Iron Springs, and a refreshing draught of its sparkling waters, will serve as a sharp and effective tonic. The more exercise one can take, in moderation, the better; and if walking is distasteful or too fatiguing, as many hours as possible should be spent in the saddle. Riding over the hills, and beholding the endless scenes of grandeur and beauty which abound on every side, the invalid will secure many additional years of life and happiness, and find ample recompense for visiting Manitou.



UTE IRON SPRING.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW TO REACH MANITOU.

WITH Pike's Peak as a landmark, Manitou is not very difficult to find; but in order that the readers of this little book may not be put to any unnecessary trouble, the writer will give a few general suggestions that may be found useful. It is supposed that the reader has decided to go "out of town" for the summer, and has had his thoughts turned in the direction of Manitou. Should the initial point of his journey be New York, Philadelphia, Boston, or any Eastern city, all he need do is to select any one of the great trunk lines and take its train for Chicago or St. Louis, as suits his convenience best. Arriving at the Union Depot in either of these cities, he will find trains waiting to convey him, by any one of the many diverging lines which he may choose, to Kansas City or Omaha. If he go by Kansas City, he can take for Denver or Pueblo either the Rock Island, the Missouri Pacific, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, the Burlington, or the Union Pacific train, all of which will be found waiting for him at the Union Depot. If, on the other hand, the route chosen be through Omaha, the traveler will find waiting for him in the Union Depot there the trains of the Burlington and Union Pacific railroads, either of which, without any delay, will carry him across the plains to Denver. From either Denver or Pueblo it is but a matter of two or three hours time, by the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, until he is landed, safe and happy, in Manitou. He will make close connections for the entire journey. He will find all the comforts and luxuries of travel, including Pullman sleepers, dining coaches, reclining-chair cars, and, in most instances, vestibuled trains.



RAINBOW FALLS.

HOW TO REACH MANITOU.

Perhaps our friend may wish some information as to purchasing tickets. The writer will endeavor to save him trouble in this regard as well. Round-trip tourist tickets to Colorado points, good from May 1st till October 31st, are sold at greatly reduced rates at all principal ticket offices in the United States. These tickets may be purchased for Denver, Pueblo, or Colorado Springs. Manitou is on a branch of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, only five miles from Colorado Springs, and all tickets reading over the last-named route, either to Denver or Pueblo, carry the passengers through



THE QUAKERS.

Colorado Springs, at which point a lay-over ticket will be granted on application to the conductor. From Colorado Springs the fare to Manitou is but twenty cents, and a train is run in connection with all passenger trains going in either direction, so that in no instance will there be any delay, and twenty minutes only is required to make the trip. These tourist tickets will enable the holder to go and return by the same route, or to go by one route and return by another between the Missouri River and Colorado. To tourists holding the round-trip tickets described above, the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad makes special excursion rates to all points of interest in

HOW TO REACH MANITOU.

Colorado, New Mexico, and Utah, which arrangement enables the visitor at Manitou to make excursions at his pleasure, and affords him an opportunity for sight-seeing which is not offered by any other pleasure resort in the United States, if in the world. He may scale the mountains at Marshall Pass to the height of ten thousand feet, over which the train passes upon a grade of two hundred and seventeen feet to the mile. He may view the grandeur of the Black Cañon and Currecanti Needle while casting his fly for trout in the rushing waters of the Gunnison. He may visit the quaint Indians of New Mexico and their ancient pueblos that have been built hundreds of years. He may ride above the clouds at Veta Pass, and cast a stone from the passing train fifteen hundred feet to the bottom of the great chasm at Toltec Gorge. He may spend a season at Salt Lake, the City of the Saints, amidst the temples and tabernacles of its peculiar people. He may bathe in the hot, healing waters of Poncho or Glenwood Springs, and fill his creel with trout from the Grand, the Eagle, or the Rio Grande del Norte. He will find in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, each day he tarries there, something awe-inspiring, marvelous, sublime. Each change of location will bring before his eyes grandeurs which will seem to him the climax of all that can inspire and thrill; but not until he has beheld the Royal Gorge, will he have reached the standard of comparison, or have discovered that great superlative, beyond which there can be nothing greater.



THE SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK.

MOUNTAIN PEAKS AND PASSES OF COLORADO,

WITH THEIR ELEVATIONS ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.

	FEET.		FEET.		FEET.
Blanca	14,461	San Luis	14,100	Spanish	13,620-12,720
Harvard	14,383	Red Cloud	14,092	Guyot	13,565
Massive	14,368	Wetterhorn	14,069	Trinchara	13,546
Gray's	14,341	Simpson	14,055	Kendall	13,542
Rosalie	14,340	Æolus	14,054	Buffalo	15,541
Torrey	14,336	Ouray	14,043	Arapahoe	13,530
Elbert	14,326	Stewart	14,032	Dunn	13,502
La Plata	14,302	Maroon	14,000	Bellevue	11,000
Lincoln	14,297	Cameron	14,000	Alpine Pass	13,550
Buckskin	14,296	Handle	13,997	Argentine Pass	13,100
Wilson	14,280	Capitol	13,992	Cochetopa Pass	10,082
Long's	14,271	Horseshoe	13,988	Hayden Pass	10,780
Quandary	14,269	Snowmass	13,961	Trout Creek Pass	9,346
Antero	14,245	Grizzly	13,956	Berthoud Pass	11,349
James'	14,242	Pigeon	13,928	Marshall Pass	10,852
Shavano	14,238	Blane	13,905	Veta Pass	9,332
Uncompahgre	14,235	Frustrum	13,883	Poncha Pass	8,945
Crestones	14,233	Pyramid	13,865	Tennessee Pass	10,418
Princeton	14,199	White Rock	13,847	Tarryall Pass	12,176
Mount Cross	14,186	Hague	13,832	Breckenridge Pass	9,490
Holy Cross	14,176	R. G. Pyramid	13,773	Cottonwood Pass	13,500
Baldy	14,176	Silver Heels	13,766	Fremont Pass	11,540
Sneffels	14,158	Hunchback	13,755	Mosquito Pass	13,700
Pikes	14,147	Rowter	13,750	Ute Pass	11,200
Castle	14,106	Homestake	13,687		
Yale	14,101	Ojo	13,640		

Seventy-two peaks between 13,500 and 14,800 feet in height are unnamed and not in this list.

ELEVATION OF LAKES.

	FEET.		FEET.		FEET.
Twain Lakes	9,357	Chicago Lakes	11,500	Palmer Lake	7,238
Grand Lake	8,153	Evergreen Lakes	10,500	Cottonwood Lake	7,700
Green Lakes	10,000	Seven Lakes	11,906		

ALTITUDE OF TOWNS AND CITIES.

REVISED SINCE FIRST EDITION FROM ENGINEERS' MEASUREMENTS.

	FEET.		FEET.		FEET.
Alamosa	7,546	Ft. Garland	7,936	Piños, Chama Sum-	
Animas City	6,554	Granite	8,945	mit	9,902
Animas Forks	11,200	Grand Junction	4,583	Poncha Springs	7,480
Antonito	7,888	Gunnison	7,680	Palmer Lake	7,238
Aspen	7,775	Glenwood Springs	5,200	Pueblo	4,669
Buena Vista	7,970	Howardsville	9,700	Red Cliff	8,671
Cañon City	5,344	Irwin	10,500	Robinson	10,871
Castle Rock	6,220	Kokomo	10,681	Rosita	8,500
Colorado Springs	5,992	Lake City	8,550	Ruby Camp	10,500
Crested Butte	8,875	La Veta	7,024	Saguache	7,723
Conejos	7,880	Leadville	10,200	Salt Lake City	4,228
Cottonwood Springs	7,959	Las Piños	9,637	Silver Cliff	7,816
Cuchara	5,943	Montrose	5,793	Silverton	9,224
Cumbres	10,015	Malta	9,580	Salida	7,050
Delta	4,968	Manitou	6,324	Trimble Springs	6,644
Del Norte	7,880	Ojo Caliente	7,324	Westcliffe	7,864
Denver	5,196	Ouray	7,640	Wagon Wheel Gap	8,448
Durango	6,520	Ogden, Utah	4,286		
El Moro	5,879	Pogosa Springs	7,108		



MONTE CRISTO HOTEL, SALIDA.

The Rio Grande Hotel Co.

FIRST-CLASS Eating Houses, at convenient distances on the line of a railroad, are one of the greatest conveniences of travel. The tourist over the line of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad will find that this necessity has been provided for in a generous and ample manner by Messrs. E. A. Thayer & Co., managers of the RIO GRANDE HOTEL COMPANY, which comprises the railroad hotel and eating house service of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. No efforts have been spared to meet the wants of the traveling public in this direction, to the fullest and most satisfactory extent. The result has been a universal verdict of praise rendered by those who have patronized these hotels. The table is first-class in every respect, the service prompt, polite, and efficient, the furnishings costly and luxurious, and the charges reasonable. The eating houses on the through line are situated as follows: The Depot Hotel and eating house at Pueblo; the Monte Cristo Hotel and eating house at Salida; the Black Canon Hotel and eating house at Cimarron; and the eating house at Grand Junction. There is also an eating house at Leadville and one at Cuchara, all of which have first-class lunch counters attached.

The eating houses at Pueblo, Salida, and Cimarron have ample hotel accommodations for the convenience of passengers wishing to stop over from one train to the next. For fishermen and sportsmen, who desire to make a more extended stay, Cimarron affords excellent fishing, as mountain trout are found in abundance.

Missouri Pacific Railway.



BUFFALO that had been driven from his native pasture and stamping ground of Western Kansas in his youth by the early pioneer, and afterward, in the course of buffalo events, having wandered throughout the North, and often escaping the hunter's bullet by the breadth of a hair, finally found his way back again in his old age to die amid the scenes of his calfhood, would, in his short span of life, had he the powers of retrospection, be able to note all the changes that were necessary to convert a desert into a rich agricultural and commercial country, checkered with prosperous farms, dotted with cities and villages, cattle instead of buffaloes, iron railways in place of Indian trails, spanning the magnificent plain from the Mississippi to the foot of the Rockies.

Among the last roads completed, but the first through line from St. Louis to Pueblo and Denver, was the Missouri Pacific. The main line of this popular Western thoroughfare was the pioneer road west of the Mississippi, and extends along the Missouri River to the capital of the State, Jefferson City. The scenery formed by the winding valley of the Missouri and the highlands of the Meramec a short distance out of St. Louis is the most interesting and beautiful in Missouri. The banks of the Meramec rise at times perpendicularly two or three hundred feet in height, with the tracks of the railroad at their base winding along near the river's edge. The majestic Missouri River is in sight half-way across the State. Beautiful farms are seen on either hand, thrifty towns and cities appear at frequent intervals, and the ride is full of interest throughout the entire distance to Kansas City.

That part of the road from Kansas City westward is popularly known as the "Colorado Short Line" and is nearly an air line through the finest farming region of the State of Kansas to the Colorado boundary, thence up the Arkansas Valley to Pueblo, the Pittsburgh of the West, and over the D. & R. G. tracks to Colorado Springs and Denver.

The equipment of the Missouri Pacific Ry. is unsurpassed. From St. Louis westward to Kansas City there is a service of four passenger trains daily, on which are run Pullman Buffet Sleeping and Parlor Cars and Free Reclining Chair Cars. The sleeping cars running between St. Louis, Kansas City, Pueblo, Colorado Springs, and Denver, connecting for Manitou, are among the latest from the shops of the Pullman Company, and contain all the newest improvements and conveniences, and afford the finest service between St. Louis and Rocky Mountain Points. Free Reclining Chair Cars, a mode of travel in high favor in the West, are now in service on this line, and like the remainder of the equipment, are brand new and constructed in accordance with the latest models of convenience and comfort.

For a finely illustrated and descriptive resort book, free, maps, time tables, rates, etc., call on or address any of the Company's agents, or

H. C. TOWNSEND,

General Passenger and Ticket Agent,

St. Louis, Mo..

SCENIC COLORADO.

HOW TO GET THERE.



SOMETIME since, Eli Perkins was heard to say: "If you wish to travel in perfect comfort, on a railroad that goes everywhere, purchase your tickets over 'THE GREAT BURLINGTON ROUTE.'" This remark is of especial interest to everyone desiring to visit Colorado, whose gorgeous mountains, wondrous cañons, and madly rushing torrents beggar description. The scenery of the Rockies is grand and unrivaled. The trip from Chicago, Peoria or St. Louis, to all points of interest in Colorado, over this thoroughly equipped system with its through daily service, excelled by none, is a perpetual delight.

Leaving Chicago, after the arrival of all trains from the East, on the well-known Burlington Vestibule Flyer No. 1, complete in all its appointments, we traverse the great States of Illinois and Iowa, and in the morning find ourselves passing over the Missouri River on a magnificent steel bridge. In a few hours we arrive in Omaha, that city of phenomenal growth and representative of Western enterprise and determination, and about noon, after crossing the beautiful Platte River, we see in the distance the spires and towers of Lincoln, the Capitol City of Nebraska.

During the remainder of the day, while we are looking at fields of waving corn, cattle on the thousand hills, orchards and pastures watered by pure streams, and beautified by groves of elms and willows, we find it almost impossible to realize that what is now the garden spot of the West, so fertile and productive, only a short time ago was known as "The Great American Desert." This wonderful change, it must be remembered, is due to a very large extent to the enterprise and foresight of the conservative management controlling the interests of the railroads—the most important factor in the success of a State or country.

'Tis now dinner time and we enjoy a sumptuous repast in one of the famous Burlington Dining Cars, out of the windows of which, as we pass through the Republican Valley, we behold a glorious sunset, the pleasing effect of the soft lights and shades being in keeping with our feelings, so calm and peaceful. Now a promenade through the vestibule train, and then we retire to dream of the possible future of this wonderland. After a refreshing sleep we are awakened from our pleasant reveries by being called to see, that which to a visitor is stranger than fiction, the foot-hills of the Grand Rockies, appearing so very near, yet in reality thirty to fifty miles away. We feel the cool breezes of Colorado and our cheeks glow and spirits revive as we enter the magnificent Union Depot, in Denver, the Queen City of the Plains.

Ask any railroad agent in the world and he will tell you that the "half has never been told" of the pleasures of a trip via THE GREAT BURLINGTON ROUTE. If you are at St. Louis, "THE BURLINGTON" has daily through trains to Denver, via St. Joseph, making the quickest time between these two great cities.



SECOND TUNNEL, CAÑON OF THE GRAND RIVER.



A MARVELOUS RAILROAD.

The DENVER & RIO GRANDE RAILROAD is justly and universally known as "The Scenic Line of the World." From the car windows of its trains can be seen the grandest spectacles of nature's wonders presented by any railroad in the world. The Rio Grande is essentially the tourists' line, and over it the traveler secures equal comfort and speed, with the added pleasure of beholding sights and scenes unequaled for grandeur, beauty, and sublimity anywhere in the world. A trip from Denver to Ogden over the "Scenic Line" is a liberal education, and one can thus acquire a more thorough knowledge of the marvelous railway engineering and the wonders of the Rocky Mountains than by any other means. Nothing but a lack of knowledge of these facts can excuse any one making a transcontinental journey for missing the wonderful scenery of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. Should we attempt to give even the briefest list of the points of interest to be seen on this famous line, we would require several columns to do so. Who is there that has not heard of the Royal Gorge, with its walls of granite, towering above the track in majestic grandeur to a height of nearly half a mile! Who has not heard of the famous "Marshall Pass," crossed at an altitude of over two miles above the sea! Who has not read of the wonders of the "Black Cañon," the great gorge of the Gunnison! Who has not heard about the marvelous "Castle Gate!" If any of our readers want to know more about these stupenduous works of Nature, write to S. K. HOOPER, General Passenger Agent, Denver, Colo., and he will send you, free of cost, elegantly illustrated books giving a full description of the marvels of the "Scenic Line." But the best thing to do is to journey over the line itself, and by so doing you will hang such pictures on the walls of memory, that all the attempts of the most celebrated artists will seem weak and trivial in the presence of Nature's majestic works among the snow-crowned peaks of the Rocky Mountains.



THE TEXAS PAN-HANDLE ROUTE



Is the direct line from Fort Worth and all points in Texas and the Southeastern States to Manitou and the Rocky Mountains. Its elegant and commodious trains run from Fort Worth through the great Texas Pan-Handle farming country, through New Mexico, with its picturesque mountain scenery, to Colorado Springs (Manitou) and Denver. This is the only line running Pullman Sleepers through between New Orleans, Houston, Fort Worth and the above Colorado points without change. At New Orleans and Fort Worth connection is made for these Through Sleepers by the various lines of railroads from all parts of the Southeast. Passengers are assured that the accommodations on this great through line are equal to any in the country, and rates are as low as by any other route.

The Texas Pan-Handle Route, running as it does in a direct line from the Southeast towards the Rocky Mountains, enables passengers to reach the cool elevated region of New Mexico and Colorado, nearly a day in advance of any other route. The last day of the journey over this line is not only made in a cool and bracing atmosphere, but in sight of grand and inspiring scenery.

Round-trip excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates will be on sale over this line during the summer tourist season at all coupon ticket offices in Texas and the Southeast.

In Colorado low excursion rates are made to all places of resort in the State and the entire Rocky Mountain region and Pacific Coast.

Send for copy of "From Summer Lands to the American Alps," free on application. For detailed information about the line, pamphlets, time tables, etc., call on or address

C. S. MELLEN,

General Traffic Manager,
OMAHA, NEB.

GEO. ADY,

General Passenger Agent,
DENVER, COLO.



The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway

Is deservedly the Favorite, because it is the Direct Line, and furnishes the Best Accommodations at Lowest Rates to invalids,

tourists, pleasure seekers, and all classes of travelers going to or returning from Manitou, the Garden of the Gods, Pike's Peak, Cascade, Green Mountain Falls, Monument Park, Palmer

Lake, Estes Park, Idaho Springs, Twin Lakes, Gray's Peak, Evergreen Lakes, Glenwood Springs, the Mountain Cities and Mining Camps, Hunting and Fishing Grounds, and all the Sanitary and Scenic Resorts of Colorado.

SOLID VESTIBULE

EXPRESS TRAINS

Of New and Elegant Day Coaches, Pullman Palace Sleepers, Dining Cars, and FREE Reclining Chair Cars, DAILY, between Chicago and Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo (via Kansas City and Topeka, or via St. Joseph), and between Chicago and Des Moines, Council Bluffs and Omaha. Choice of routes, via Denver, to and from Salt Lake City, Ogden, Helena, Butte, Portland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco.

Close Connections

IN

COMMODIOUS UNION STATIONS



At terminal Colorado cities, with continuous and diverging lines to all points West, North, Northwest, and Southwest of Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo, to the Pacific Coast.

FAST EXPRESS TRAINS, DAILY, to and from Minneapolis and St. Paul, and all important towns and cities in Southern Nebraska, Kansas, and Kingfisher and El Reno in the Indian Territory.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, copies of Western Trail, or further Information, address, at Chicago, Ill.,

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